

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 771.—5 March, 1859.—Third Series, No. 49.

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PROFESSOR WILSON.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THERE are many Newtons in England: yet for all that, there is but one Newton for earth and the children of earth; which Newton is Isaac and Kepler is his prophet.* There are many Wilsons in Scotland, and indeed many out of Scotland; yet, for all that, Mother Earth and her children recognize but one, which one sits in the Edinburgh chair of Moral Philosophy. And, when *that* is said, all is said; is there any thing to say more? Yes, there is an infinity to say, but no need to say it!

"Cætera norunt

Et Tagus, et Ganges, forsant et Antipodes."

Such a radiance, which extinguishes all lesser lights, has its own evils. If a man like Mr. Touchwood of the *Hottle* in "St. Ronan's Well" should find his way to *Tim-* (or to *Tom-*) *bucktoo*, no matter which, for *Tim* and *Tom* are very like each other (especially *Tim*)—in that case, he might have occasion to draw a bill upon England. And such a bill would assuredly find its way to its destination. The drawer of the bill might probably be intercepted on his homeward route, but the bill would not. Now, if this bill were drawn upon "John Wilson," *tout court*, not a post-office in Christendom would scruple to forward it to the Professor. The Professor in reply, would indorse upon it "*no effects.*" But in the end he would pay it, for his heart would yearn with brotherly admiration towards a man who had thumped his way to the very navel of Africa.

* I use the word *prophet* in the ordinary sense. Yet in strictness this is not the primary sense. Primarily it means and Scripturally it means—*interpreter of the divine purposes and thoughts*. If those purposes and thoughts should happen to lurk in mysterious doctrines of religion, then the prophet is simply an *exeges*, or expounder. But, it is true if they lurk in the dark mazes of time and futurity unrolling itself from the central present, then the prophet means a seer or reader of the future, in our ordinary modern sense. But this modern sense is neither the Mahometan sense, nor that which prevails in the New Testament. Mahomet is the prophet of God—not in the sense of predictor from afar, but as the organ of communication between God and man, or revealer of the divine will. In St. Paul, again, gifts of prophecy mean uniformly any extraordinary qualifications for unfolding the meaning of the Scripture doctrines, or introducing light and coherency amongst their elements, and perhaps *never* the qualifications for inspired foresight. In the true sense of the word, therefore, Newton was the prophet of Kepler, i.e. the exegetic commentator on Kepler, not Kepler of Newton. But the best policy in this world is—to think with the wise, and (generally speaking) to talk with the vulgar.

This mention, by the way, of Timbuctoo, forced upon us by an illustration, suddenly reminds us that the Professor himself, in the stage of early manhood, was self-dedicated to the adventure of Timbuctoo. What reasons arose to disturb this African scheme, it is strange that we have forgotten, or else that we have never heard. Possibly Major Houghton's fate may have recalled Wilson, in the midst of his youthful enthusiasm, to that natural but afflicting fear which, "like the raven o'er the infected house," sweeps at intervals over the martial hopes of most young soldiers, viz., the fear—not of death—but of death incurred for no commensurate return, and with no rememberable circumstances. To die, to die early, *that* belongs to the chances of the profession which the soldier has adopted. But to die as an *aide-de-camp* in the act of riding across a field of battle with some unimportant order that has not even been delivered—to feel that a sacrifice so vast for the sufferer will not stir a ripple on the surface of that mighty national interest for which the sacrifice has been made—this it is which, in such a case, makes the pang of dying. Wilson had seen Mungo Park: from him he must have learned the sort of razor's edge on which the traveller walks in the interior of Africa. The trackless forest, the unbridged river, the howling wilderness, the fierce Mahometan bigotry of the Moor, the lawlessness of the Pagan native, the long succession of petty despots—looking upon you with cruel contempt if you travel as a poor man, looking upon you with respect but as a god-send ripe for wrecking if you travel as a rich one—all these chances of ruin with the climate superadded, leave too little of rational hopefulness to such an enterprise for sustaining those genial spirits without which nothing of that nature can prosper. A certain proportion of anxiety or even of gloomy fear is a stimulant: but in this excess they become killing as the frost of Labrador. Or, if not, only where a man has a demon within him. Such a demon had Park*.

* Park.—It is painful, but at the same time it is affecting, for the multitudes who respect the memory of Park, to know that this brave man's ruin was accomplished through a weak place in his own heart. Park, upon his second expedition, was placed in a most trying condition. We all know the fable of the traveller that resisted Boreas and his storms—his hail, his sleet, and his blustering blasts, there the traveller was strong; but he could not resist Phœbus, could not resist his flattering gales, and his luxurious wooings. He yielded to the fascina-

Wilson, but luckily for us all, a demon that haunted the mind with objects more thoroughly intellectual.

Wilson was born, we believe, in Paisley. It is the Scottish custom, through the want of great public schools for the higher branches of education, that universities, to their own great injury, are called upon to undertake the functions of schools. It follows from this that mere schoolboys are in Scotland sent to college; whereas, on our English system, none go to Oxford or Cambridge but young men ranging from eighteen to twenty. Agreeably to this Scottish usage, Wilson was sent at a boyish age to the university of Glasgow, and for some years was placed under the care of Professor Jardine. From Glasgow, and we believe, in his eighteenth year he was transferred to Oxford. The college which he selected was Magdalen, of which college Addison had been an *alumnus*. Here he entered as a *gentleman-commoner*, and in fact could not do otherwise; for Magdalen receives no others, except indeed those who are on the foundation, and who come thither by right of election. The very existence of such a class as gentlemen-commoners has been angrily complained of, as an undue concession of license or privilege or distinction to mere wealth when all distinction should naturally rise out of learning or intellectual superiority. But the institution had probably a laudable and a wise origin. The elder sons of wealthy families, who needed no professional employments, had no particular motive for resorting to the universities; and one motive they had against it; viz., that they must thus come under a severer code of discipline than when living at home. In order, therefore, to conciliate this class, and to attract them into association with those who would inevitably give them some tincture of literary tastes and knowledge, an easier yoke, as regarded atten-

tions of love, what he had to the defiances of malice. Such temptations had Park to face when, for the second time, he reached the coast of Africa. Had the world frowned upon him, as once upon the same coast it *did*, then he would have found a nobility in his own desolation. *That* he could have faced; and without false bias, could have chosen what was best on the whole. But it happened that the African Association of London had shown him great confidence and great liberality. His sensitive generosity could not support the painful thought—that by delaying his expedition, he might seem to be abusing their kindness. He precipitated his motions, therefore, by one entire half-year. That original error threw him upon the wrong season, and drew after it the final error which led to the conflict in which he perished.

dance upon lectures and other college exercises, was imposed upon all who, by assuming the higher expenditure of *gentlemen-commoners*,* professed themselves to be rich enough for living without a profession. The purpose had been, as we have no doubt, to diffuse the liberalities of literature throughout the great body of the landed aristocracy; and for many generations, as it would be easy to show, that object had been respectfully accomplished; for our old traditional portrait of the English country gentleman, from Fielding downwards to this ultra-democratic day, is a vulgar libel and a lie of malice. So far from being the bigoted and obtuse order described in popular harangues, the landed gentry of England has ever been the wisest order amongst us, and much ahead of the commercial body.

From Oxford, on returning to Scotland, Wilson rejoined his mother, then living in Queen Street, Edinburgh. He adopted the law as his nominal profession, with no fixed resolution, perhaps, to practise it. About 1814, we believe, he was called to the bar. In 1818, he became a Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; and, we think, it was in the previous year that "Blackwood's Magazine" was established, which, from the seventh number downwards (though latterly by intermitting fits), has continued to draw more memorable support from him than ever journal did from the pen of an individual writer. He was not the editor of that journal at any time. The late Mr. Blackwood, a sagacious and energetic man, was his own editor; but Wilson was its intellectual Atlas, and very probably, in one sense, its creator; viz., that he might be the first suggestor (as undoubtedly he was at one time the sole executive realizer) of that great innovating principle started by this journal, under

* *Gentlemen-commoners*.—The name is derived from our Oxford word *common*, which in ordinary parlance means whatever is furnished at the public dinner-table, or (in those colleges which still retain public suppers) at the supper-table. Reflecting at this moment upon the word, we should presume it to be the first two syllables colloquially corrupted of the Latin *commensalia*. A commoner is one who is a *fellow-tabler*, who eats his *commensalia* in company with other under-graduate students. A gentleman-commoner is one who by right may claim to be a fellow-tabler with the governing part of the college, although in large colleges where this order is expensive enough to justify such an arrangement, the gentle-commoners dine at a separate table. In Cambridge they bear the name of *fellow-commoners*.

which it oscillated pretty equally between human life on the one hand and literature on the other.

Out of these magazine articles has been drawn the occasion of a grave reproach to Professor Wilson. Had he, it is said, thrown the same weight of energy, and the same fiery genius into a less desultory shape, it is hard to compute how enormous and systematic a book he might have written. That is true: had he worked a little at the book every day of his life, on the principle of the Greek painter—*nulla dies sine linea*—by this time the book would have towered into that altitude as to require long ladders and scaffoldings for studying it; and, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, could find its way into no human chambers without pulling down the sides of the house. In the footnotes, where the street lamps would keep him in order, the Professor might have carried on soberly enough. But in the upper part of the page, where he would feel himself striding away in *nubibus*, oh crimini! what larkings there would have been, what sprees with the Aurora Borealis? What a rise he would have taken out of us poor wretches below! The man in the moon would have been frightened into *apogee* by the menaces of the crutch. And, after all, the book never *could* have been suffered to stay at home; it must have been exported to central Asia on Dr. Johnson's principle, who said to Miss Knight,* a young Englishwoman of very large dimensions, when she communicated to the doctor her design to live on the Continent, "Do, my dear, by all means—really you are too big for an island." Certainly, awful thoughts of capsizing fit across the fancy, when one sees too vast a hull shipped on board our tight little Britannic ark. But, speaking seriously, the whole doctrine, from which exhales this charge against the Professor of misapplied powers, calls for revision. Wise was that old Grecian who said—*Μέγα, βαθύνον μέγα κακόν*—Big book, big nuisance! For books are the military "baggage" of the human understanding in its endless march. And what is baggage? Once in a hundred times it ministers to our marching necessities; but for the other ninety-nine times it embarrasses the agility of our movement. And the Romans, therefore, who

are the oldest and the best authorities on all military questions, expressed the upshot of these conflicting tendencies in the legionary baggage by calling it *impedimenta*, mere hindrances. They tolerated it, and why did they do that? Because, in the case 99+1 the baggage might happen to be absolutely indispensable. For the mere possibility of that one case, which, when it came, would not be evaded, they endured what was a nuisance through all the other cases. But they took a comic revenge by deriving the name from the ninety-nine cases where the baggage was a nuisance, rather than from the hundredth where it might chance to be the salvation of the army. To the author of every big book, so far from regarding him as a benefactor, the torture ought to be administered instantly by this interrogative dilemma: Is there any thing new (which is not false) in your book? If he says—no, then you have a man, by his own confession, ripe for the gallows. If he says—yes, then you reply: What a wretch in that case must you be, that have hidden a thing, which you suppose important to mankind, in that great wilderness of a book, where I and other honest men must spend half a life in running about to find it! It is, besides, the remark of a clever French writer in our own days, that hardly any of the cardinal works, upon which revolve the capital interests of man, are large works. Plato, for instance, has but one of his many works large enough to fill a small *octavo*. Aristotle, as to bulk, is a mere pamphleteer, if you except perhaps four works; and each of those might easily be crowded into a *duodecimo*. Neither Shakespeare nor Milton has written any long work. Newton's "Principia," indeed, makes a small quarto; but this arises from its large type and its diagrams: it might be printed in a pocket shape. And, besides all this, even when a book is a large one, we usually become acquainted with it but by extracts or by abstracts and abridgements. All poets of any length are read by snatches and fragments, when once they have ascended to great popularity; so that the logic of the reproach against Professor Wilson is like that logic which Mr. Bald, the Scottish engineer, complained of in the female servants of Edinburgh. "They insist," said he, "upon having large blocks of coal furnished to them; they will not put up with any that are less; and yet every morning the Cynic, who delights in laughing at

* Miss Knight.—This young lady had offered her homage to Dr. Johnson by extending his "Rasselas" into a sequel entitled "Dinarbas."

female caprices, may hear these same women down in areas braying to pieces the unmanageable blocks, and using severe labor, for no purpose on earth but at last to bring the coal into that very state in which, without any labor at all, they might have had it from our collieries." So of Professor Wilson's works—they lie now in short and detached papers—that is, in the very state fitted for reading; and, if he had hearkened to his counsellors, they would have been conglutinated into one vast block, needing a quarryman's or a miner's skill to make them tractable for household use.

In so hasty a sketch of Professor Wilson, where it is inevitable to dismiss without notice much that is interesting, there is yet one aspect of his public pretensions which, having been unusually misrepresented, ought to be brought under a stronger light of examination: we mean his relation to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. It is sometimes alleged, in disparagement of Professor Wilson, by comparison with his two immediate predecessors, Mr. Dugald Stewart and Dr. Thomas Brown, that *they* did, but that he does *not*, come forward with original contributions to philosophy. He is allowed the credit of lecturing splendidly; but the complaint is that he does not place his own name on the roll of independent philosophers. There is some opening to demurs in this invidious statement, even as regards the facts. The quality of Wilson's lectures cannot be estimated, except by those who have attended them, as none have been made public. On the other hand, Mr. Dugald Stewart and Dr. Thomas Brown are *not* the original philosophers which the objection supposes them. To have been multiplied, through repeated editions, is no argument even of notoriety or momentary acceptance; for these editions, both at home and in America, have been absorbed by students, on whom it was compulsory to become purchasers of the books used in their academic studies. At present, when it has almost ceased to be any recommendation to these writers that once they belonged to the Whig party, and when their personal connections are fast disappearing, it is no longer doubtful that the interest in their works is undermined. Professor Ferrier of St. Andrews, one of the subtlest intellects in modern speculation, has found himself compelled to speak with severity of both;

and since then, in his edition of Reid, Sir William Hamilton (who chooses to lay himself under some restraint in reference to Mr. Stewart) has not scrupled to speak with open disrespect of Dr. Brown; once as regards a case of plagiarism; once upon that vast umbrageousness of superfluous wordiness which is so distressing to all readers of his works. Even the reputation, therefore, of these men shows signs of giving way. But that is nothing: on other grounds, and in defiance of reputation the most flourishing, we have always felt that the first battery of sound logic unmasked against Dr. Brown must be fatal. That man *could* not be a philosopher who wrote the preposterous paper against Kant in an early number of the "Edinburgh Review." In reviewing a Prussian, he had not even mastered the German language, and was indebted to a Frenchman for the monstrous conceits which he imputed to the great founder of the critical philosophy. Mr. Dugald Stewart is so much the less vulnerable as he happens to be the more eclectic; in the little that is strictly his own, he is *not* less vulnerable. And it embitters the resentment against these men, that both spoke with unmeasured illiberality, and with entire ignorance of philosophers the most distinguished in the last century.

From these men, at least, Professor Wilson will have nothing to fear. He, which is a great blessing, will have nothing to *recant*; and assuredly, that man who has ever been the most generous of literary men, and sometimes the most magnanimous and self-conquering in estimating the merits of his contemporaries, will never cause a blush upon the faces of his descendants, by putting it in the power of an enemy to upbraid them with unbecoming language of scorn applied by *him* to illustrious extenders of knowledge. "If," will be the language of those descendants, "if our ancestor *did*, as a professor, write nothing more than splendid abstracts of philosophy in its several sections, in other words a history of philosophy, even *that* is something beyond a vulgar valuation—a service to philosophy which few, indeed, have ever been in a condition to attempt. Even so, no man can doubt that he would be found a thousand times more impressive than the dull, though most respectable, Brucker, than Tennemann, than Tielemann (not Tediousmann), than Buhle, and so forth. If he did no more than cause to

transmigrate into new forms old or neglected opinions, it is not certain that in this office the philosopher, whom custom treats as the secondary mind, does not often transcend his principal. It is, at least, beyond a doubt that Jeremy Taylor and Paul Richter, both of whom Professor Wilson at times recalls, oftentimes, in reporting an opinion from an old cloistered casuist, or from a dyspeptic schoolman blinking upon Aristotle with a farthing rushlight, lighted it up with a triple glory of halos, such as the dull originator could never have comprehended. If, therefore," it will be said, "Professor Wilson did no more than re-animate the fading and exorcise the dead, even *so* his station as a philosopher is not necessarily a lower one."

True; but upon *that* a word or two. We have been hitherto assuming for facts the allegations put forward—sometimes by the careless, sometimes by the interested and malignant. Now let us look out for another version of the facts.

Our own version we beg to introduce by a short preface. The British universities *are*, but the German universities are *not*, connected with the maintenance of the national faith. The reasons of this difference rest upon historical and political grounds. But the *consequences* of this difference are, that the British professor in any faculty bearing on theology is under conscientious restraints, which a little further on we will explain, such as the German professor does not recognize, and is not by any public summons called upon to recognize.

It is ordinarily supposed, and no person has argued the case upon that footing with more bitterness or more narrowness of view than Lord Brougham, that Oxford, when imposing a subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles of the English Church, means or wishes to lay a restraint upon the free movement of the subscriber's intellect. But the true theory of that exaction is this—that Oxford, aiming at no such flagrant impossibility, seeks to bind over the student, by obligations of honor and by reverence for the sanctity of a promise, to do—what? Is it that he will not stray in thought beyond the limits staked out by the Thirty-Nine Articles? *That* is a promise which no man could be sure of keeping; a promise, therefore, which an honest man would not deliberately make, and which, for the same reason, no honest body of men

would seek to exact. Not this, not the promise to believe as the Church of England believes, but the promise that he will not publish or manifest his secret aberrations from this standard, is the promise involved in the student's subscription. Now, mark the effects of this. Oxford has thus pre-occupied the mind of the student with a resisting force as regards the heaviest temptation to tamper with dangerous forms of opinion, religious or irreligious, during that period when the judgment is most rash, and the examination most limited. The heaviest temptation lies through the vanity connected with the conscious eccentricity and hardihood of bold freethinking. But this vanity cannot be gratified in Oxford; it is doomed to be starved, unless through a criminal breach of fidelity to engagements solemnly contracted. That oath, which, and which only, was sacred in the eyes of a chivalrous French king; viz., *Foi du gentilhomme*, is thus made to reinforce and rivet the oath (more binding, as might seem, but under the circumstances far less so) of *Foi du chretien*. For a case of conscientious conviction may be imagined which would liberate the student from this latter oath applied to his *creed*; but no case can be imagined which would liberate him from the other oath, enforcing the obligation to silence. Oxford, therefore, applies a twofold check to any free-thinking pruriencies in the student's mind: 1st, She quells them summarily, *à partie post*, by means of the guarantee which she holds from him; 2dly, She silently represses the growth of such pruriencies, *à partie ante*, by exacting bonds against all available uses of such dallings with heresy or infidelity. Now, on the other hand, in the German universities generally, these restraints on excesses of free-thinking do not exist. The course of study leads, at every point, into religious questions, or questions applicable to religion. All modes of philosophical speculation, metaphysics, psychology, ethics, connect themselves with religion. There is no interdict or embargo laid upon the wildest novelties, in this direction. The English subscription had been meant to operate simply in that way; simply to secure an *armistitium*, a suspension of feuds, in a place where such feuds were disrespectful to the institutions of the land, or might be perilous—and in a stage of life when they would too often operate as pledges given prematurely by young men to opinions which afterwards,

in riper intellect, they might see reason, but not have the candor or the courage to abandon.

It follows, from this state of things, that a German professor is thrown upon his discretion and his own individual conscience for the quality of his teaching. But the British professor is thrown upon a public conscience, embodied in usages adapted to the institutions of his country. In Edinburgh, it is true, the students are not bound by subscriptions to any Confession of Faith. But that the whole course of instruction, or at least of that instruction which emanates from the chair of Moral Philosophy, is understood to be connected with the religion of the land, appears from this—that the theological students—those who are to fill the ministerial office in the churches of Scotland—cannot arrive at that station without a certificate of having attended the Moral Philosophy Lectures. There is, therefore, a secret understanding which imposes upon the professor a duty of adapting his lectures to this call upon him. He is not left at liberty to amuse himself with scholastic subtleties; and those who *have* done so, should be viewed as deserters of their duty. He is called upon to give such a *representative* account of current philosophy as may lay open those amongst its treasures which are most in harmony with Christian wisdom, and may arm the future clergyman against its most contagious errors. For Fichte or for Schelling the path was open to mere Athenian subtlety upon any subject that might most tax their own ingenuity, or that of their hearers. But the British professor of moral philosophy is straitened by more solemn obligations:—

"Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui musas colimus severiores."

Hence it would be no just blame, but the highest praise, to Professor Wilson if his lectures really *did* wear the character imputed to him—of being rich and eloquent abstracts, rather than scholastic exercitations in untried paths. We speak in the dark as to the facts;

but at the same time we offer a new version, a new mode of interpreting the alleged facts—supposing them to have been accurately stated.

Is that all? No; there is another, and a far ampler philosophy—a philosophy of human nature, like the philosophy of Shakspere, and of Jeremy Taylor, and of Edmund Burke, which is scattered through the miscellaneous papers of Professor Wilson. Such philosophy by its very nature is of a far higher and more aspiring nature than any which lingers upon mere scholastic conundrums. It is a philosophy that cannot be presented in *abstract* forms, but hides itself as an *incarnation* in voluminous mazes of eloquence and poetic feeling. Look for this amongst the *critical* essays of Professor Wilson, which, for continual glimpses and revelations of hidden truth, are perhaps absolutely unmatched. By such philosophy, his various courses of lectures—we speak on the authority of many of his highest students—are throughout distinguished; and more especially those numerous disquisitions on Man's Moral Being, his Passions, his Affections, and his Imagination, in which Professor Wilson displays his own genius—its originality and power.

With this brief sketch of one who walks in the van of men the most memorable and original that have adorned our memorable and original age, we conclude by saying, in a spirit of simplicity and fidelity to the truth, that from Professor Wilson's papers in "Blackwood," but above all from his meditative examinations of great poets, Greek and English, may be formed a *florilegium* of thoughts, the most profound and the most gorgeously illustrated that exist in human composition.

Of his poems or his prose tales, we have not spoken: our space was limited; and, as regards the poems in particular, there appeared some time ago in this very journal a separate critique upon them, from whom proceeding we know not, but executed with great feeling and ability.

A NEW MOTHER.

I was with my lady when she died :
It was who guided her weak hand
For a blessing on each little head,
Laid her baby by her on the bed,
Heard the words they could not understand.

And I drew them round my knee that night,
Hush'd their childish glee, and made them say
They would keep her words with loving tears,
They would not forget her dying fears
Lest the thought of her should fade away.

I, who guess'd what her last dread had been,
Made a promise to that still, cold face,
That her children's hearts, at any cost,
Should be with the mother they had lost,
When a stranger came to take her place.

And I knew so much : for I had lived
With my lady since her childhood : known
What her young and happy days had been,
And the grief no other eyes had seen
I had watch'd and sorrow'd for alone.

Ah ! she deceas'd had such a happy smile !
I had known how sorely she was tried :
Six short years before, her eyes were bright
As her little blue-eyed May's that night,
When she stood by her dead mother's side.

No—I will not say he was unkind ;
But she had been used to love and praise.
He was somewhat grave : perhaps, in truth
Could not weave her joyous, smiling youth,
Into all his stern and serious ways.

She who should have reign'd a blooming flower,
First in pride and honor as in grace—
She whose will had once ruled all around,
Queen and darling of us all—she found
Change indeed in that cold, stately place.

Yet she would not blame him, even to me,
Though she often sat and wept alone ;
But she could not hide it near her death,
When she said with her last struggling breath,
“Let my babies still remain my own !”

It was who drew the sheet aside,
When he saw his dead wife's face. That test
Seem'd to strike right to his heart. He said,
In a strange, low whisper, to the dead,
“God knows, love, I did it for the best !”

And he wept—oh yes, I will be just—
When I brought the children to him there,
Wondering sorrow in their baby eyes ;
And he soothed them with his fond replies,
Bidding me give double love and care.

Ah, I loved them well for her dear sake :
Little Arthur, with his serious air ;
May, with all her mother's pretty ways,
Blushing, and at any word of praise
Shaking out her sunny golden hair.

And the little one of all—poor child !
She had cost that dear and precious life.
Once Sir Arthur spoke my lady's name,
When the baby's gloomy christening came,
And he call'd her “ Olga—like my wife.”

Say that time, he never spoke of her :
He grew graver, sterner every day ;
And the children felt it, for they dropp'd
Low their voices, and their laughter stopp'd
While he stood and watch'd them at their play.

No, he never named their mother's name.
But I told them of her : told them all
She had been ; so gentle, good, and bright ;
And I always took them every night
Where her picture hung in the great hall.

There she stood : white daisies in her hand,
And her red lips parted as to speak
With a smile ; the blue and sunny air
Seem'd to stir her floating golden hair,
And to bring a faint blush on her cheek.

Well, so time pass'd on ; a year was gone,
And Sir Arthur had been much away.
Then the news came ! I shed many tears
When I saw the truth of all my fears
Rise before me on that bitter day.

Any one but her I could have borne !
But my lady loved her as her friend.
Through their childhood and their early youth,
How she used to count upon the truth
Of this friendship that would never end !

Older, graver than my lady was,
Whose young, gentle heart on her relied,
She would give advice and praise and blame,
And my lady leant on Margaret's name,
As her dearest comfort, help, and guide.

I had never liked her, and I think
That my lady grew to doubt her too,
Since her marriage ; for she named her less,
Never saw her, and I used to guess
At some secret wrong I never knew.

That might be or not. But now, to hear
She would come and reign here in her stead,
With the pomp and splendor of a bride ;
Would no thought reproach her in her pride
With the silent memory of the dead ?

So the day came, and the bells rang out,
And I laid the children's black aside ;
And I held each little trembling hand,
As I strove to make them understand
They must greet their father's new-made bride.

Ah, Sir Arthur might look grave and stern,
And his lady's eyes might well grow dim,
When the children shrank in fear away,—
Little Arthur hid his face, and May
Would not raise her eyes, or speak to him.

When Sir Arthur bade them greet “ their
mother,”
I was forced to chide, yet proud to hear
How my little loving May replied,
With her mother's pretty air of pride,—
“ Our dear mother has been dead a year !”

Ah, the lady's tears might well fall fast,
As she kissed them and then turn'd away.
She might strive to smile or to forget,
But I think some shadow of regret
Must have risen to blight her wedding day.

She had some strange touch of self-reproach ;
For she used to linger day by day
By the nursery door, or garden gate,
With a sad, calm, wistful look, and wait
Watching the three children at their play.

But they always shrank away from her
When she strove to comfort their alarms,
And their grave, cold, silence to beguile :
Even little Olga's baby-smile
Quivered into tears when in her arms.

I could never chide them for I : saw
How their mother's memory grew more deep
In their hearts. Each night I had to tell
Stories of her whom I loved so well
When a child, to send them off to sleep.

But Sir Arthur—Oh, this was too hard !—
He, who had been always stern and sad
In my lady's time seem'd to rejoice
Each day more ; and I could hear his voice
Even sounding younger and more glad.

He might perhaps have blamed them ; but his
wife
Never failed to take the children's part.
She would stay him with her pleading tone,
Saying she would strive and strive alone,
Till she gain'd each wayward heart.

And she strove indeed, and seemed to be
Always waiting for their love, in vain ;
Yet, when May had most her mother's look,
Then the lady's calm, cold accents shook
With some memory of reproachful pain.

Little May would never call her Mother ;
So, one day, the lady bending low,
Kiss'd her golden curls, and softly said,
" Sweet one, call me Margaret, instead,—
Your dear mother used to call me so."

She was gentle, kind, and patient too,
Yet in vain ; the children held apart.
Ah their mother's gentle memory dwelt
Near them, and her little orphans felt
She had the first claim upon their heart.

So three years pass'd ; then the war broke
out ;
And a rumor seemed to spread and rise ;
First we guess'd what sorrow must befall,
Then all doubt fled, for we read it all
In the depths of her despairing eyes.

Yes ; Sir Arthur had been call'd away
To that scene of slaughter, fear, and strife,—
Now he seemed to know with double pain
The cold, bitter gulf that must remain
To divide his children from his wife.

Nearer came the day he was to sail,
Deeper grew the coming woe and fear,
When one night the children at my knee
Knelt to say their evening prayer to me ;
I looked up and saw Sir Arthur near.

There they knelt with folded hands, and said
Low, soft words in stammering accents sweet ;
In the fire-light shone their golden hair
And white robes ; my darlings looked so fair,
With their little bare and rosy feet !

There he waited till their low " Amen ;"
Stopp'd the rosy lips raised for " Good-night !"—
Drew them with a fond clasp, close and near,
As he bade them stay with him and hear
Something that would make his heart more light.

Little Olga crept into his arms ;
Arthur leant upon his shoulder ; May
Knelt beside him, with her earnest eyes
Lifted up in patient, calm surprise—
I can almost hear his words to-day.

" Years ago, my children, years ago,
When your mother was a child, she came
From her northern home, and here she met
Love for love, and comfort for regret,
In one early friend,—you know her name.

" And this friend—a few years older—gave
Such fond care, such love, that day by day
The new home grew happy, joy complete,
Studies easier, and play more sweet,
While all childish sorrows pass'd away.

" And your mother—fragile like my May—
Leant on this deep love,—nor leant in vain.
For this friend (strong, generous, noble heart)
Gave the sweet, and took the bitter part,—
Brought her all the joy, and kept the pain.

" Years pass'd on, and then I saw them first :
It was hard to say which was most fair,
Your sweet mother's bright and blushing face ;
Or the graver Margaret's stately grace ;
Golden locks, or braided raven hair.

" Then it happen'd, by a strange, sad fate,
One thought enter'd into each young soul ;
Joy for one—if for the other pain ;
Loss for one—if for the other gain ;
One must lose, and one possess the whole.

" And so this—this—what they cared for—
came
And belong'd to Margaret : was her own.
But she laid the gift aside, would take
Pain and sorrow for your mother's sake,
And none knew it but herself alone.

" Then she travell'd far away, and none
The strange mystery of her absence knew.
Margaret's secret thought was never told ;
Even your mother thought her changed and
cold,

And for many years I thought so too.

" She was gone ; and then your mother took
That poor gift which Margaret cast aside ;
Flower or toy or trinket, matters not—
What it was, had better be forgot ;
It was just then she became my bride.

" Now I think May knows the hope I have.
Arthur, darling, can you guess the rest ?
Even my little Olga understands
Great gifts can be given by little hands,
Since of all gifts Love is still the best.

" Margaret is my dear and honor'd wife,
And I hold her so. But she can claim
From your hearts, dear ones, a loving debt
I can neither pay, nor yet forget ;
You can give it in your mother's name.

"Earth spoils even love, and here a shade
On the purest, noblest heart may fall ;
Now your mother dwells in perfect light,
She will bless us, I believe to-night,—
She is happy now, and she knows all."

Next day was farewell—day of tears ;
Yet Sir Arthur, as he rode away,
And turn'd back to see his lady stand
With the children clinging to her hand,
Look'd as if it were a happy day.

Ah, they loved her soon ! The little one
Crept into her arms as to a nest ;
Arthur always with her now ; and May
Growing nearer to her every day :—
Well, I loved my own dear lady best.

—*Household Words.*

LIFE BY THE BLUE-HAIRED SEA.

I.

WILL you come and live by the sounding sea
And hear the great waves roar ?
Yes, come, cast in your lot with me
On this black basaltic shore.

II.

The crested waves are rolling past,
While the steadfast rocks remain ;
The Atlantic tide is swelling fast ;
But the tide will sink again.

III.

Will you come and live by the silent sea,
And watch the dazzling sheen,
See the ripples clap their hands for glee
Where the raging waves have been ?

IV.

Yes, come and see, while others sleep,
When the sea-fowl erst are soaring,
The thousand thousand flocks of sheep
Which Boreas drives before him.

V.

Come sail on the peaceful, shining sea,
And sink in my boat to sleep.
The summer breeze shall blow for thee,
While calm pervades the deep.

VI.

Come, gaze on the calm bright sea and sky,
Which like one mirror seem ;
In silver mist the mountains lie,
Like headlands in a dream.

VII.

Or, when the sun drops down to rest,
Come see, ere the daylight die,
The zephyrs herd small clouds to the west,
Across the golden sky.

VIII.

Come stray where the waves have sunk to rest,
While night invests the sky ;

And watch yon star on the great sea's breast,
While its mate shines up on high.

IX.

Come hear what the surges say to thee,
And the loud Atlantic roar ;
Hear whispers from the gentle sea
As it tumbles to the shore.

X.

What does the zephyr sing to thee,
And the ripples on the tide,
That clap their little hands for glee ?
" That thou must be my bride ! "

XI.

Yes, come and be a wife to me,
And still the stormy main ;
For woe has been my tidal sea,
But the tide will sink again.

XII.

Calm shall pervade both sea and sky,
And calm our life shall seem,
In golden mist our goal shall lie,
Like Beulah in the dream.

XIII.

We both shall sail the shining sea,
We both shall sink to sleep,
While the breeze shall waft both thee and me
O'er life's inconstant deep.

XIV.

Or if the All-Father should deem best
This petition to deny,
The one shall rest on the great sea's breast,
While the other shines on high.

—*Fraser's Magazine.* R. M.

HIDDEN CHORDS.

THE present hour repeats upon its strings
Echoes of some vague dream we have forgot ;
Dim voices whisper half-remember'd things,
And when we pause to listen, answer not.

Forebodings come: we know not how, or whence,
Shadowing a nameless fear upon the soul,
And stir within our hearts a subtler sense,
Than light may read or wisdom may control.

And who can tell what secret links of thought
Bind heart to heart ? Unspoken things are
heard,

As if within our deepest selves was brought
The soul, perhaps, of some unutter'd word.

But, though a veil of shadow hangs between
That hidden life, and what we see and hear,
Let us revere the power of the Unseen,
Because a world of mystery is near.

—*Household Words.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Monumenti delle Arte Cristiane Primitive nella Metropoli del Cristianesimo disegnati ed illustrati per cura di G. Marchi. Architettura della Roma sotterranea Cristiana. 4to. Roma: 1844.*
2. *Les Catacombes de Rome. Par Louis Perret. 6 vols. folio. Paris: 1852-1857.*
3. *The Church in the Catacombs; a description of the primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its Sepulchral Remains. By Charles Maitland, M.D. London: 1847.*
4. *The Roman Catacombs; or, some account of the Burial-Places of the early Christians in Rome. By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, M.A. London: 1857.*
5. *Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs. London: 1857.*

GREAT would be the excitement of the learned and the curious throughout the world, if it were suddenly announced that the daring and ingenious explorers of Babylon, Nineveh, or Memphis had discovered, beneath the accumulated ruins of those great cities, an immense labyrinth of subterranean communications,—a maze of several hundred miles in extent, carefully wrought by human hands in strata of rock peculiarly adapted to the execution and preservation of so remarkable a work. This interest would be still further increased, if it were ascertained that these mysterious abodes had served in past ages as the asylum of a persecuted religion and the receptacle of innumerable confessors and martyrs; that inscriptions still exist in great numbers, amongst these rock tombs, denoting the names, the profession, and, above all, the faith, of those who were deposited in them; that these contemporary records are sometimes accompanied by the symbols of martyrdom, and even by instruments of torture used in inflicting death; that many of these monumental records tally with the historical annals of the time; and, lastly, that from these crypts buried in the recesses of the earth, a spirit and a power went forth which has survived the overflow of its imperial persecutors and the destruction of their proudest trophies, till by its influence a new law, a new civilization, a new religion, sent forth its apostles throughout the habitable earth.

If some such impression might be anticipated from discoveries made in the far East, amongst the remains of nations long past away, and belonging to the dawn of society and knowledge, the researches which have

recently thrown a fresh and striking light on the monuments of subterranean Rome, appear to us to have a more direct and intense claim on the attention of our readers. They exist not in the deserted plains of Mesopotamia or the upper regions of the Valley of the Nile, but in the heart of Italy, on a site which has never ceased to attract the eager interest of European society. They belong to an age, imperfectly known to us indeed, because it is concealed from our view by the mystery which was necessary to the existence of the first Christian communities, and by the ruin which subsequently befell the Roman Empire; but many of the memorials they contain are contemporary records of primitive Christianity; the very dust in those vaults is the dust of men who carried with them the faith of the New Testament to their graves,—who witnessed the persecutions,—who must have seen their kinsmen, their friends, their pastors, torn from them by a thousand cruel deaths, or who shared their fate,—who received the lessons of Christianity from teachers who lived in or near to the Apostolic age—and who have left to us, even now, in the architecture and ornaments of the Catacombs, the type of the Christian Church and the germ of Christian Art.

No doubt for several centuries, and especially since the Reformation, the Christian monuments of subterranean Rome have been regarded with great suspicion by writers and antiquaries not belonging to the Romish Church. It was and is notorious, that from these Catacombs the Papal hierarchy had drawn the relics, the sacred oils, and the memorials of real or pretended saints, which gave a color to some of its most superstitious practices, and a form to its legendary martyrology. Nothing could be more natural than that, in rejecting the whole tissue of fable which artifice or credulity had interposed between man and the true objects of worship and of faith, the source from which so many of these traditions had been drawn should be regarded as one contaminated by deceit. Accordingly, it was loosely asserted by Protestant writers of the last century, that the Catacombs of Rome were, after all, no more than the *arenarie* or sand-pits of antiquity, from which the materials for building the city had from time immemorial been extracted; that the pretended monuments and remains of the early Christians had been deposited

there by the priests of a later age, to impose on the superstition of the faithful; and that no reliance whatever could be placed on the evidence of these works with reference to the state of the Christian world anterior to the accession of Constantine and the peace of the Church. A very slight acquaintance with the Catacombs themselves,—their amazing extent, their internal arrangements for the purposes of sepulture, concealment, and public worship, their peculiar structure, their authentic ornaments and inscriptions, and their date,—suffices at once to confute this theory, which is at least as wild and unfounded as the most fanciful legend of the Romish Calendar. But the truth is, that the Papal authorities overshot the mark; and in their imprudent zeal for the traditions of the Church and the lives of the saints, they often gave a legendary and superstitious aspect to that which would have remained an object of interest and reverence to all Christians, if it had preserved a simple, historical character. By removing the remains of many of the most distinguished amongst the early Christians from their original place of burial, marked by a contemporary inscription, to stately churches in the city of Rome, which have in later times been redecorated with the florid ornaments of cinque-cento architecture, or even to abbeys and cathedrals in distant parts of Europe, the Romish Church broke the chain of positive evidence, and destroyed the associations which naturally cling to the last resting-places of those who have toiled or suffered for mankind. “*Nemo martyrem distrahat, nemo mercetur*,” was a wise provision of the Theodosian Code; but martyrs continued to be pulled to pieces and sold, as if it had never existed. To such lengths was this abuse carried, that the Catacombs themselves had almost ceased to be regarded as an object of historical or religious interest for more than two hundred years; that is, from the time when they were explored and described by Bosio, at the commencement of the 17th century, till within a comparatively recent period. The graves of the early Christians had been rifled, partly by the barbarians, and partly by the popes under the pretext of removing the relics to places of greater security. In the 18th century the taste for antiquarian researches was concentrated on the remains of classical antiquity; and, amongst the innumerable museums of Rome,

no systematic collection or arrangement of the monuments of the first ages of Christianity had been attempted.

It will not be disputed by any sect of Christians, that in as far as it is possible to disencumber the memorials of the primitive church of Rome from the artificial superstructure raised upon them in later ages by the Romish hierarchy, these researches assume a high degree of interest. The growth of the Church in Rome was, beyond all question, the most important event in the propagation of the Gospel among the Gentiles. It was to the little band of Roman Christians that St. Paul addressed, even from Corinth, the most elaborate and comprehensive of his epistles. It was to Rome that he sought to direct the course of his mission, and thither, by his right as a Roman citizen, and by his appeal to Cæsar, he was ultimately brought.* Upon his arrival he addressed himself to the Jewish community in Rome, to which the first converts probably belonged, but finding “they agreed not among themselves,” he made the sublime declaration of the apostle of the Gentiles and the preacher of good tidings to the universal earth: “Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, *and that they will hear it.*” From this time forth he dwelt in Rome two whole years in his own hired house, and taught with all confidence, no man forbidding him; and the results of that teaching proved with what secret efficacy the new doctrine spread through all classes of the imperial city.

There, in the capital of the vast empire which overshadowed the earth, the conflict between Paganism and Christianity was to be fought out. Already, before the close of the apostolical age, the mystical visions of the Apocalypse had announced, in no ambiguous language, the impending doom of the great Babylon, drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Ten persecutions swept in vain over the heads of the Christian proselytes,—perpetual edicts of proscription remained in force against them, even under the most humane of the Cæsars,—unheard of numbers perished, as we know by the direct testimony of Tacitus and Pliny, in the tortures which polluted the circus of

* See the narrative of the journey of St. Paul to Rome, in the admirable life of the great Apostle, by the late Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Howson.

Nero, in slavery and oppression, in the bloody games of the Flavian amphitheatre, and in those massacres which, at certain times, spared neither age, nor party, nor sex, nor the blood of the noblest and wealthiest of the Roman citizens. But the Church survived. The teaching of the apostles was perpetuated and preserved; the sacred volumes of the Gospels and the epistles of the New Testament were saved; the simple rites of the Church were solemnized. For in those ages, however fiercely the Cesarian persecution might rage in the city and throughout the land, there was a resting-place for every martyr, and a refuge for every confessor or neophyte in the faith, in the vast subterranean network which stretched its expanding web round the metropolis of the world, and seemed by its silent progress to prefigure the growth of that humble and obscure faith which in less than three centuries rose triumphant over the power it had undermined,

Well considered, this contest between the powers of the old world and the dayspring of the new world,—so unequal in its origin, yet so amazing in its result, is to us and to all mankind the most momentous epoch in the history of our race. More especially in Rome, then undisputed mistress of the world, the organized but exhausted frame of the imperial government and of heathen society was assailed by this new idea, this hidden enemy, which seemed to gain life and strength by the innumerable victims whose blood watered the earth. To quote a noble passage from Dean Milman *:

"Rome must be imagined in the vastness and uniformity of its social condition, the mingling and confusion of races, languages, conditions, in order to conceive the slow, imperceptible, yet continuous aggression of Christianity. Amid the affairs of the universal empire, the perpetual revolutions, which were constantly calling up new dynasties, or new masters over the world, the pomp and state of the Imperial palace, the commerce, the business flowing in from all parts of the world, the bustle of the Basilicas, or courts of law, the ordinary religious ceremonies, or the more splendid rites on signal occasions, which still went on, if with diminishing concourse of worshippers, with their old sumptuousness, magnificence, and frequency, the public games, the theatres, the gladiatorial shows, the Lucullan or Apician banquets, Christianity was gradually withdrawing from

the heterogeneous mass some of all orders, even slaves, out of the vices, the ignorance, the misery, of that corrupted social system. It was instilling humanity, yet unknown, or coldly commended by an impotent philosophy, among men and women whose infant ears had been habituated to the shrieks of dying gladiators; it was giving dignity to minds prostrated by years, almost centuries, of degrading despotism; it was nurturing purity and modesty of manners in an unspeakable state of depravation; it was enshrining the marriage bed in a sanctity long almost entirely lost, and rekindling to a steady warmth the domestic affections; it was substituting a simple, calm, and rational faith and worship for the worn-out superstitions of heathenism; gently establishing in the soul of man the sense of immortality, till it became a natural and inextinguishable part of his moral being."

The test of this progress was the slow but uninterrupted advance of the Christian community till it had won over the numerical majority of the educated classes, overpowered the fierce hostility of the heathen populace, and attained, eventually, to the possession of the throne itself. Within forty years of the fiercest persecution of Diocletian, a Christian emperor reigned over the Empire; and hard by the baptistery of the Lateran, which bore the name of Constantine, the Catacombs of Rome concealed the honored remains of the vast army of martyrs, the soldiers of the Cross who had fallen in the struggle.

Such was the growth of the primitive Roman Church; and although there is, no doubt, great obscurity in its earlier annals, which has been increased by the attempt to create a history where, in fact, no authentic materials of history existed, yet there is hardly any period of antiquity which has left us more striking material indications of its character than the early Christian cemeteries of Rome do still at this day afford. The question then which now presents itself to our attention, and to which we purpose to devote the following pages, is, whether it be possible to bring back the study of these early Christian memorials to a true standard of accurate research; to throw off the mass of legendary and superstitious rubbish which has for ages concealed their real character, and blocked them up as effectually as the ruins and *detritus* which choked up their *lucernaria* and their galleries; and to establish their real value and importance on the grounds of science and of history alone.

* History of Latin Christianity, vol. i, p. 26.

This attempt has recently been made to a certain extent, and with some degree of success. The publications now before us, and still more the labors of the Commission appointed by the present Pontiff for the study and preservation of Christian antiquities in Rome, tend in this direction, and have certainly made important additions to the materials for more exact comparison and investigation. In the early part of the 17th century, as we have already observed, all the known catacombs of Rome were explored by Anthony Bosio, who devoted his life to this labor. For nearly eight hundred years, the Catacombs had, at that time, ceased to be used as places of sepulture or of pilgrimage. The approaches to them were generally closed; the orifices or shafts through which light and air penetrated to the upper portions of them had been blocked up by the tillers of the soil; the passages had in many places fallen in; and it was only by great physical energy and address, that Bosio succeeded in procuring access to these subterranean labyrinths. He died before the results of his labors could be given to the world, but they were published in Italian in 1632, under the title of "Roma Sotterranea" and the work was afterwards reproduced in Latin, with considerable additions, by the Padre Arringhi. Nothing can exceed the confusion which prevails in these ponderous volumes. Monuments and inscriptions of every age are mixed together, and works undertaken for entirely different purposes at different periods are confounded under the same head. But Bosio himself was, nevertheless, an accurate and honest, as well as an enterprising observer: his admeasurements prove to be strictly correct wherever they have been compared, after an interval of more than two centuries, with the *cubiculi* or crypts and tombs he describes; his drawings from the tomb-paintings and the sarcophagi of the first Christian centuries may be identified at the present day in those catacombs which have been thoroughly explored by the Commission. Many other cemeteries which Bosio succeeded in visiting, are now closed, either because all trace of the entrance is lost, or because the galleries have fallen in, and the Commission has not at its disposal the pecuniary means which are required to open them: but as the details given in the "Roma Sotterranea" have been verified by recent discoveries, especially in the Catacombs

of St. Agnes and St. Calixtus, in a very remarkable and unexpected manner, it may be assumed that his account of similar structures in the other cemeteries is not less accurate.

But here our approval of the labors of these first explorers of subterranean Rome must stop. Their observations and drawings may be trusted as to matters of fact, but the moment they travel into criticism their opinions are utterly worthless. To say the truth, almost all the writers who have approached this curious subject, and more especially the Roman Catholic writers, have allowed themselves to be carried away by their preconceived notions into a wide field of exaggeration. Some have enlarged to an incalculable extent this maze of unexplored excavations—some have fancied they discovered in this vast necropolis, tombs and remains of a much earlier period than those which the legible and recorded inscriptions denote—some have attempted, by a highly symbolical interpretation of every object employed in the decoration of the tombs, and even in the structure of these primitive Christian Basilicas, to discover hidden indications of all the later dogmas and practices of the Church of Rome. Padre Marchi, the author of the work which stands first on our list, is entitled to the honor of having revived in Rome the study of these interesting monuments. He has labored incessantly in this task, and his volume contains, as we shall presently show, many observations of great interest. But Padre Marchi is a zealous and distinguished member of the Collegio Romano, and in every page of his work an exuberant desire to find evidence in support of the later Romish doctrines amongst these records of the primitive Church, predominates over almost every other consideration. Mr. Spencer Northcote, in a small English compendium of these discoveries, and Cardinal Wiseman, in his tale of Fabiola, appear simply to have taken for granted all that Padre Marchi tells them, and in their zealous desire to interest their readers by the most picturesque memorials which the whole range of the cemeteries affords, they have brought into one focus the traditions and remains of several different periods of Christian antiquity. The French Government, animated by that laudable patronage of art which is one of its most honorable characteristics, has enabled M. Louis Perret to produce a work of extraordinary magnificence,

purporting to represent, in no less than six folio volumes of colored drawings and plans, all the most remarkable features of the Catacombs; and it is a curious circumstance, that this costly and splendid undertaking is the result of a vote of the Legislative Assembly of the *French Republic* of the 2nd of July, 1861. But the enthusiasm of art, or an excess of religious zeal, has led the artists employed on this publication to overdo it. Instead of giving to the world a fac-simile of the half-obliterated wall-paintings, or the rude, and sometimes unintelligible forms, indicated on the tombs, they have thrown into the drawings the force, color, and expression which these designs appear to them originally to have possessed. The result is that the copies convey an impression of more finished performances than can be discovered in the present condition of the originals. The letter-press which accompanies the plates is strung together without discrimination or critical research, and conveys a very inaccurate notion of the results which scientific inquiry, as opposed to mere ecclesiastical tradition, has now reached. Nevertheless as a contribution to the history of the arts of design in antiquity, this publication is of considerable value. Some of the paintings in the *cubiculi* of the Catacombs are equal to the best-preserved remains of Greek and Roman mural ornaments—as, for instance, the celebrated decoration of the gallery in the Baths of Titus. They have none of the stiffness which afterwards characterized the early productions of mediæval Christian art, being, on the contrary, obviously formed on the contemporary classical models. As works of art the earliest works are the best. Sometimes it is possible to trace the hand of an artist more conversant with the fashion of a pagan age than with the symbolical figures of the Christians; but, with few exceptions, while the execution remains altogether Roman, the spirit, the modesty, and the grace of these Christian ornaments of the cemeteries, form a striking contrast to the loose and fanciful designs employed in the decoration of pagan architecture. The subject may be studied with great advantage in M. Perret's volumes, and the fac-similes he has given of a certain number of inscriptions are admirable.

Dr. Maitland has the merit in our eyes of being the first English Protestant writer who has entered minutely on these investigations,

but this circumstance has perhaps given his book too controversial a character. He supplies us with a considerable number of early Christian inscriptions copied from the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican, which had not before been published, and his account of the Catacombs themselves is judicious as far as it goes. Upon the whole, we consider Dr. Maitland's book to be one of real value and interest; but it is necessarily very incomplete; and as nearly twelve years have elapsed since the publication of the last edition, the latest and most important discoveries which have been made are, of course, unnoticed by him. These discoveries are mainly due to the youngest and most able member of the present Commission, the Cavaliere di Rossi, an antiquary of far higher attainments, of greater candor, and of greater ingenuity than any of those who had previously made the Catacombs an object of special research. The result of this accomplished gentleman's studies has not yet been given to the public; in fact, the renewed and critical examination of the Catacombs has not yet proceeded far enough for us to say with certainty that the whole evidence is at present known. But about twelve thousand inscriptions of the early Christian period have been carefully removed from the cemeteries themselves, and are now classified by Cavaliere di Rossi, previous to their being fixed in the walls of the Christian Museum recently formed by order of Pius IX. in the Lateran Palace; these inscriptions will all be exhibited to the public, and copies of the whole collection, with an account of the position in which they were found, are announced for publication.

This work is considered by the Commission and by the Papal Government to be the most essential portion of the duty it has undertaken; and in fact, when the whole body of known inscriptions is before the world, it will devolve upon the criticism and scholarship of Christendom to determine their historical value, and to draw from them the inferences which these characteristic memorials can barely fail to suggest. The chronological arrangement of these inscriptions, extending from the first to the sixth century, is in truth the most difficult and essential portion of the task, for the importance of any given monument to the history of the Christian community depends almost entirely on the exact period to which it belongs. Hitherto this duty had

been neglected, and the consequence is that extreme confusion has pervaded the whole subject. We have no doubt, however, that a more careful study of the localities, the characters employed, the monograms, and other peculiarities of the inscriptions, may lead to as correct a knowledge of the Christians monuments as that which has been attained for the remains of classical antiquity. On this basis Cavaliere di Rossi rests his general view of the structure and history of the Catacombs, and he postpones the publication of a full statement of his own theory until the materials on which he finds it are complete.

We hope, however, within the limits we can allot to these curious inquiries, to show succinctly the present state of opinion on the structure and uses of the Catacombs themselves, and to indicate some of the most recent and striking of these historical discoveries. The former of these problems is one of purely scientific observation, for the present aspect of the subterranean excavations tells us all we are likely to know of their origin; the latter is a subject capable of much more copious illustration than we shall be able to afford to it, because the real signification of these memorials is rendered clear and intelligible mainly by comparing them with the literary and biographical details which have come down to us with reference to the persons thus brought, as it were, visibly before us.

Let us proceed, then, in the first instance, to state the prodigious extent assigned to the cemeteries by Padre Marchi and the present Roman antiquaries. Their opinion is thus briefly given by Mr. Northcote:—

“Throwing aside exagge ration, the real extent of the Roman Catacombs, as far as it can be guessed at, is enough to strike us with wonder. Our estimate on the subject unfortunately can be but a conjectural one; for it is manifest that, even if we knew—which we do not—the entire length and breadth of the superficial soil undermined by the Catacombs, this alone would not suffice to give us the desired result; for, consisting as they do of a perfect labyrinth of paths intersecting each other in all directions, and, in many instances, repeated in several stories (so to speak) one below the other, all these must be measured, before we can have any real idea of the extent of the work of excavation. The incidental notices in the old missals and office books of the Church, and the descriptions given by ancient writers, mention no less than sixty different Catacombs on the different sides of

Rome, bordering her fifteen great consular roads. Of these not more than a third part is open to us, and even of those that have been most visited, not one has ever yet been examined in all its ramifications; for the ruin caused by earthquakes and inundations, and still more by long neglect,—the quantity of soil accumulated in the galleries, and above all, the want of funds to carry on the work on a sufficient scale, present obstacles which it will take a long time to overcome.

“We must be content, therefore, to make a merely conjectural statement, founded on certain portions which have really been measured with accuracy. The most perfect map of this kind which has yet been published is of a part of the Catacomb of St. Agnes, on the Via Nomentana, published under the immediate superintendence of Father Marchi, and it is calculated to contain about an eighth part of that cemetery. The greatest length of the portion thus measured is not more than seven hundred feet, and its greatest width about five hundred and fifty; nevertheless, if we measure all the streets which it contains, their united length scarcely falls short of two English miles. This would give fifteen or sixteen miles as the united length of all the streets in the cemetery of St. Agnes alone, and, if we may look upon this as a fair specimen of the rest (for it certainly is larger than some and smaller than others), about nine hundred miles in all the Catacombs taken together.

“As to the number of graves which would be contained in this immense extent of streets, it is impossible to speak confidently, for both the height of the streets themselves, and the number of graves in streets of equal height, differ in different cemeteries. Perhaps the average height may be stated to be about seven or eight feet, but in some places it reaches to twelve or fifteen; and always the depth between the several shelves or graves varies according to the quality of the soil in which they are dug. Then again, graves of all sizes, of men, women, and children, are mixed together with such irregularity that a good deal of space is often necessarily lost, not to mention the frequent interruptions occasioned by arched monuments (*arcosolia*, as they are called) and by the entrances to the chapels and other chambers. Altogether, therefore, though we may sometimes find, in a few rare instances, as many as thirteen or fourteen graves, one over the other, on the other hand we sometimes find only three or four; so that, taking the average, Father Marchi thinks we ought not to allow more than ten graves, that is five on each side, to every seven feet of road; and according to this calculation, the Roman Catacombs may be believed to contain almost seven millions of graves.”

We are not in a condition either to impugn or to give an unqualified assent to this astonishing calculation, but we confess that we cannot accept it without considerable doubt and hesitation. This, however, is the opinion of men who have made themselves best acquainted with the Catacombs by repeated exploration; and assuming the facts to be as they are now stated, they immediately open a variety of curious and perplexing questions. Were these amazing excavations made for the sole purpose of sepulture and seclusion by the Christians only, or were they wholly or in part the result of perforations commenced for the extraction of *pozzolana*, and appropriated by the Christians to their own uses? If they were constructed by the Christian population of Rome alone, and by the *fossores*, who were inferior officers of the Church,—Anglicè sextons,—how are we to account for the extraordinary amount of labor, supposed to have been performed in secret, though the cemeteries were all immediately contiguous to the principal approaches to Rome, and what can have been done with the enormous quantities of tufa regularly extracted from the recesses of the earth, which may be taken, on a rough calculation, at one hundred millions of cubic feet of earth? But if these difficulties be surmounted, then during how long a period is it supposed that the excavations were in progress, for how many centuries were they employed for the burial of the dead, and what was the Christian population of the city which is supposed within this period to have required no less than seven millions of graves? How could interments on so vast a scale be carried on, especially when it was known, as it could not fail to be, that these cemeteries were the sanctuary and stronghold of a sect, detested by the Roman populace, dreaded by the more intelligent classes, and often persecuted with extreme rigor by the imperial government? We find no complete answer to these perplexing questions in the works before us. Probably there is some exaggeration in the area now assigned to the Catacombs themselves; for though they were undoubtedly numerous, many of them must have been far less extensive than those of St. Agnes or St. Calixtus. Enough, however, remains to place beyond all doubt their prodigious extent and the labor bestowed on them. Their complete history must be the result of further investigation; and the in-

genuity with which Cavaliere di Rossi has proceeded from one fact to another, by a process of reasoning analogous to that applied by geologists to the earlier formations of the globe, leads us to hope that he will perfect his great work. On these points, however, Padre Marchi already supplies us with important, if not with conclusive, arguments and information.

The first condition to be considered in the structure of the subterranean cemeteries is the nature of the rock in which they are perforated. Recent geological observations on the soil of the Agro Romano, and the site of Rome itself, have determined the fact that the vast amphitheatre destined to witness so many of the greatest events in human history, and the most violent revolutions of political power, was itself formed by the action of volcanic fire, commencing before the Sabine or the Latin hills had risen above the plain—before the Tiber and the Anio had found their way to the sea. These igneous rocks bear indisputable traces of the different periods at which they were projected to the earth's surface, and still retain an entirely distinct character. The earliest of the series, which is found in the more immediate vicinity of Rome consists of a red volcanic tufa, and it is sufficiently hard to be employed—as it has constantly been employed from the earliest ages—in the buildings of the city. The massive blocks of the Cloaca Maxima, of the Tabularium of the Capital, and of the recently discovered wall of Romulus which encircles the base of the Palatine, attest the durability of this *tufa lithoide*, as it is termed by the Romans; and geology traces its origin to the action of submarine craters, every vestige of which has disappeared. At a far later period fresh currents of lava, mingled with ashes and pumice, forced their way over the plain, and these proceeded from the comparatively modern craters still visible in the Alban hills; but this substance is far less compact than the primitive tufa; it is distinguished by the name of *tufa granolare*, and though it has just consistency enough to retain the form given to it by the excavators, it cannot be hewn or extracted in blocks; and in the lower strata it degenerates into the friable volcanic ashes known as *pozzolana*, which have been extensively used in all ages for mortar or Roman cement.*

* The last edition of Mr. Murray's admirable Handbook of Rome contains (p. 285) an excellent

The history of these volcanic formations has a direct bearing on the structure of the Catacombs. They are never hewn in the *tufa lithoide* or more compact tufa, though that stone was largely quarried by the Old Romans for building purposes. To this very day the traveller may visit beneath the Passionist Convent of S. Giovanni and S. Paolo on the Cœlian, the immense grottoes, hewn perhaps by the Jewish prisoners of Titus, who were employed in the excavation of the materials used in the erection of the Coliseum. But nothing can less resemble a Christian cemetery than these tremendous caverns, in which it is said—though on doubtful authority—that the beasts destined for the fierce pastime of the amphitheatre were afterwards kept. The Christian architects carefully avoided these massive strata; and we believe it is ascertained that all the known Catacombs are driven exclusively along the courses of the *tufa granolare*. With equal care these subterranean engineers avoided the layers of pozzolana, which would have rendered their work insecure, and in which no permanent rock tomb could have been constructed. Thus we arrive at the curious fact, that in making the Catacombs, the excavators carefully avoided the strata of hard stone and the strata of soft stone, used respectively for building and for mortar, and selected that course of medium hardness which was best adapted to their peculiar purpose.

The Romans, no doubt, had their *arenariae*; and probably we are to understand by that term, the sand pits from which pozzolana was dug. Cicero mentions (*Orat. pro Cluentio*) that the young patrician Asinius had been enticed into these dark abodes and murdered; and when Nero, in the last frightful night of his life, took refuge in the villa of his freedman Phaon, between the Nomentane and Salaria roads, he was advised to hide himself in the adjacent sand-pit, but he vowed he would not go alive underground, and remained trembling beneath the wall.* But these *arenariae* were totally unlike the Christian cemeteries; and the comparison may be easily made as in some instances, as at S. Agnese, the shaft which gave admission to the Catacombs has

notice of the geology of the Agro Romano, which is no unimportant element in the local history of the city, where the strata of past ages of mankind lie confounded with the strata and volcanic currents of the earth itself.

* Merivale's Romans, vol. vi. p. 363.

been sunk from the floor of one of the Pagan excavations above; so that on the higher level the broad and lofty quarry still remains, with such supports as were necessary to sustain the vault, whilst beneath, in a lower stratum, the Christians gradually formed one of the most extensive cemeteries known to exist in the vicinity of Rome. Possibly this contrivance served more effectually to mask the entrance to the lower passages, by concealing them altogether from external observation, whilst it afforded an easy means of removing the broken stuff from the deepest excavations. In the Roman *arenariae* there are no vestiges of tombs, and not the slightest indication that they were ever used for purposes of sepulture. In the Christian Catacombs not a yard seems to have been excavated except for the purpose of making tombs: they line the walls throughout, as close to one another as the berths in the side of the ship, only divided by an intervening shelf of rock. Each tomb appears to have been made exactly of the proper size for the body which was to occupy it. Myriads are to be found adapted for infants only. In some instances they were enlarged to contain two bodies, the tomb being then called a *bisomum*; or even more,—husband and wife, or other members of one Christian family. Every grave was closed, when filled, with tiles or with a marble slab. In one of the Catacombs visited by Padre Marchi, he found the gallery of Christian tombs abruptly terminated by a wall. On further examination, it was discovered that the *fossores*, or excavators, had come upon a sunken pagan *columbarium*, such as was used for sepulture by the Roman families. The Christians instantly closed the gallery and walled it up, leaving the *columbarium* outside,—a remarkable proof of their repugnance to suffer the presence of the unconverted heathen in their cemeteries.

There is no evidence that the Romans ever regarded this mode of sepulture with any feelings but those of abhorrence and contempt. To use the vituperative language applied by Horace to the site of Mæcenas' palace on the Esquiline, where, by the way, there is no catacomb:—

“ Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis
Conservus vili portanda lecavat in arca.
Hoc misere plebi stabat commune sepul-
chrum.”

The *puticoli*, into which the carrion of the Roman slaves might be flung, had not the

slightest analogy with the decorous, careful, and expensive provisions made by the early Christians for the conservation of the dead. Throughout the whole extent of the Christian cemeteries, no trace has been found of any admixture of the pagan population. Every inscription, however humble, attests the Christian faith of him who was "deposited"—to use the peculiar and appropriate expression*—within that, narrow cell. The curt or desponding tone of the heathen mortuary inscription disappears. The Christian "sleeps,"—and sleeps "in peace." No badge of slavery or of freedom is to be seen amongst his fellows, for in the sublime language which St. Paul himself had addressed to these very Romans "the creature also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

It is impossible to survey the half-obliterated memorials of this extinct race of men, to compare them with the remains of Pagan Rome, without feeling that every broken fragment of a grave, every pinch of human dust and ashes scattered round, belongs altogether to a different faith, a different era of the world's history, and the Imperial Rome had no hand in the mysterious structures which thus encompassed her walls, except when she peopled them with the victims of persecution. On this head we entirely agree with Padra Marchi, and we think he has demonstrated that the entire work of the Catacombs is Christian. But we acknowledge that we are at a loss to explain the means by which excavations of such magnitude could be carried on, within a few yards of the Via Appia or the Via Nomentana, without attracting considerable attention. It is impossible to conceive that the earth extracted could be furtively disposed of; and the most probable explanation is that the administration of the city opposed no obstacle to the work. The laws of Rome prohibited intramural interment; but provided the bodies of the dead were conveyed outside the city, it would seem that no inquiries were made as to the manner in which they were disposed of. Nevertheless one of the difficulties attending the whole subject arises from the manifest inconvenience of accumulating this enormous number of human bodies in rock tombs and galleries, which

* The heathen expression was *citus, positus, or compositus*; the Christian term, *depositus, depositio*, implying a different shade of meaning.

had no effect in retarding decomposition, or in absorbing the effluvia. It is probable that the wealthy were embalmed, and in some of the tombs traces may still be seen of the lime in which the remains of the poor were embedded. A further question of some nicety might be raised as to the legal right of persons, not being owners of the surface of the whole soil, to bore at a depth of fifty or one hundred feet for any purpose whatever, more especially if the earth extracted were a saleable commodity. But to such perplexing speculations no satisfactory answer has been given: we must content ourselves with the fact that these excavations do not unquestionably exist, and must have been made in their present form between the second and fourth centuries of the Christian era.

The manner in which the rite of sepulture was regarded and solemnized by the early Christians, is peculiarly characteristic of the origin of their faith. It has been well observed by the Dean of St. Paul's, that the Roman Church of the apostolic age was but one of the confederation of Greek religious republics founded by Christianity; but this Church, as much or more than any of the Eastern Churches, had strongly retained the Judaizing tenets and spirit of the first proselytes.* The Jews residing in Rome undoubtedly formed a considerable community at the time of the death of Christ; for although the date of their expulsion by Claudius cannot be strictly determined, it is clear from that event that they had already excited the jealousy of the Imperial Government. That the gospel had previously been made known to some at least among them, may be inferred from the fact that Aquila and Priscilla at once joined St. Paul at Corinth. The Roman Jews inhabited the right bank of the Tiber, or what is now termed the Trastevere quarter of the city; and they appear to have

* One of the monuments from the Catacombs, copied by Dr. Maitland, preserves this combination of the Greek, Latin, and Jewish types. The inscription is ENΩΑΔΕ KEITAI FAUSTINA, ornamented with the seven-branched candlestick and the Christian cup, and terminated by the Hebrew word "Shalom" or Peace. It is also engraved in Conybeare and Howson's Life of St. Paul, vol. i. p. 37. Another of the inscriptions recently placed in the Lateran is evidently that of a Greek Jew ΜΟΥΣΗΣ ΖΩΝ . . . and that of his wife has since been discovered. Greek inscriptions are very common in the Catacombs, and sometimes Greek words in Roman letters, or Latin words in Greek letters. The grammar and spelling is frequently incorrect.

had a very early catacomb of their own, in the Monte Verde, contiguous to their place of abode. This catacomb was visited by Bosio in the beginning of the seventeenth century; he discovered in it monuments bearing the seven-branched Jewish candlestick and one inscription on which the word CYNAIΩF (Synagogue) was legible: but the structure of the cemetery was singularly rude, and no Christian monuments were found in it—"in eo quippe haud ulla, ut in reliquis, Christianae religionis indicia et signa apparent." The attempt to penetrate into this excavation at the present time has, we believe, failed; but it is probable that Bosio's account of it is correct, and that the Jews of Rome had a catacomb peculiarly devoted to their national mode of sepulture.*

This peculiar mode of sepulture was, however, endeared to the early Christians by other considerations and, above all, by the example of their crucified Master. The Evangelist John has recorded that, after the body of Jesus had been given up to his disciples by Pilate, "they wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury." Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus." (John, 19: 40.) This solemn rite, connected, as it was, with the resurrection of our Lord, and the fundamental hopes of Christianity, was naturally regarded with the utmost veneration by the disciples. "To bury after the manner of the Jews" became one of the earliest observances of religion; and, even amidst the horrors of persecution, it was faithfully adhered to, for the bodies of those who perished in the amphitheatre were generally given over for Christian burial.

This practice was, however, more than a usage derived from the Jewish custom of burial, or the example of the first disciples; it soon became closely connected with the faith of the Church. In death, as well as in life, the faithful brethren of that little flock lay apart, waiting for the great and terrible day, which, according to the universal belief of the primitive Church, and the literal teaching of the Apostles themselves, was near at

hand. Whether they lived surrounded by the perils of a hostile world, or whether they had fallen asleep in the faith, they were a peculiar people, waiting to be called, at the first blast of the archangel's trumpet, to join the heavenly host and receive the crown. To them the language of the Revelation of St. John, after the opening of the fifth seal, was the literal description of their own condition. They "saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held . . . and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." (Rev. 6: 9-11.) Hence the lively sympathy they felt for the spots which were consecrated by the remains of those who had gone before them: hence the jealous exclusion of every thing which bore not the mark of a common faith: hence the gradual formation of a huge city of the dead, extending beneath and around the whole circuit of Rome, and awaiting that second Advent, which was, ere long, to call this mortal to put on immortality. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, literally construed, probably increased the veneration of the early Christians, even for the inanimate remains of the brethren, and the desire of preserving them in these rock tombs, where, in fact, after a lapse of sixteen centuries, some of them are still visible. The tombs have suffered more from the brutality and cupidity of the barbarians than by the hand of time. Comparatively few of them escaped desecration when it was suspected, by the ferocious hordes which overran Italy, that treasures or ornaments might be concealed there. The great majority of them are now open, and the ashes they once contained, dispersed. But there is no doubt that, during the first five or six centuries of the Church, they were religiously guarded and considered the receptacle and depository of those who had borne witness for the faith upon the earth.

Amongst the dust and ashes of this primitive congregation innumerable lamps of terra cotta or bronze have been found, some personal ornaments, small glass vessels, on which are graven very curious specimens of early Christian art,* and here and there instruments of torture, which may be seen in the

* "The limestone hills of Judea are perforated with numerous caves and fissures, and the site of Jerusalem itself is mined with vaults and galleries, excavated by the hand of man." (Merivale's *Romans*, vol. vi. p. 596.)

* The whole subject of these glass vessels, or as they are called "Vetri Cristiani," has been

Christian Museum of the Vatican. A great number of the tombs are found to contain, in a niche, a small vial or glass vessel, which appears to have been filled with a red liquid; and the "Congregation of Relics" decided, in 1668, "that whenever the palm and vessel tinged with blood were found, they were to be considered most certain signs of martyrdom." This hasty and improbable assumption seems to us not to support examination, and we agree with Raoul Rochette that these vessels may rather be supposed to represent the sacramental cup—some of them bear the sacramental inscription *PIE ZESE*—and that they have no necessary connection with the idea of martyrdom. The notions of collecting the blood of dead martyrs in a bottle, to be placed in their graves, is singularly childish and impracticable, and we are not aware that it is alluded to by contemporary writers.

These details may, however, be said more properly to belong to the second division of the subject—that, namely, which relates to the history of the Catacombs,—a history singularly varied in different ages. It is easy to distinguish in the records of these cemeteries, and even in their architectural remains, two leading periods of a very opposite character. During the first three centuries of the Church in Rome—days of darkness and of dread—when even this retreat and this resting place was oftentimes profaned or disturbed, the Catacombs were gradually filled, as we have seen, with the graves of the faithful, and he who descended into them was encompassed on every side by the mouldering remains of his fellow-believers. "When I was a boy at Rome," said St. Jerome, writing in a more tranquil age, "in the pursuit of my liberal studies, I was wont, in the company of others of the same age and disposition, to wander on Sundays about the tombs of the apostles and martyrs, and not seldom to descend into the crypts, which being dug into the depths of the earth, are walled in on either side by the bodies interred there, and are so entirely dark as to fulfil the language of the Prophet, 'the living are descended into Hell.' Here and there the light admitted from above tempered the horror of this gloom, yet it was not the light of a window but of a loophole, and

illustrated with great learning by Padre Garrucci in a folio volume, published in Rome in the autumn of 1858.

again we groped our way onwards in the darkness which Virgil spoke of—

"*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*"

But whatever awe these subterranean galleries may have inspired in later ages, they must have witnessed scenes of far greater solemnity, when the dead were borne along them with funeral torches to their narrow homes; when the pick of the *fossores* were still perpetually extending this mysterious domain; when from time to time fugitives from sanguinary persecutions fled hither for an asylum, pursued sometimes by their implacable enemies,—by whom, for example, Sixtus II. was butchered at the very foot of one of these subterranean altars; and when, hunted from the surface of the earth to the receptacles of the dead, the presbyters and catechumens of the Church assembled in the lowly vaults which were then the only secure churches of Christian worship. There were, indeed, fifty Christian churches in Rome, with a regular staff of priests and deacons, before the persecution of Diocletian—but on the proclamation of fresh measures of rigor, the Catacombs were the place of refuge, and even the Bishops of Rome frequently sought an asylum there.

It is difficult to determine the exact time at which the first Christian interment in the Catacombs took place. We have already seen that among the Jews in Rome, the practice was probably anterior to Christianity. But the earliest recorded inscription is of the year 102. The evidence on which the tomb of St. Alexander, called the sixth successor from St. Peter in the see of Rome, and said to have been martyred in 117, has been identified in a small catacomb seven miles from the city, is quite insufficient; and the monumental altar bearing his name there is admitted to be of the fourth or fifth century. A far more certain inscription, belonging to about the year 130, is given by Dr. Maitland, following all the Roman antiquaries.

"*TEMPORE ADRIANI IMPERATORIS MARIVS ADOLESCENS DVX MILITVM QVI SATIS VIXIT DVM VITAM PRO CHO CVM SANGUINE CONSUNSTIT IN PACE TANDEM QVIEVIT BENEMERENTES CUM LACRIMIS ET METV POSVER- VNT I. D. VI.*"

"In Christ. In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer,

who had lived long enough, when with blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears and in fear. On the 6th before the Ides of —."

Still more characteristic is the inscription found over one of the graves in the cemetery of Calixtus, to a martyr of the Antonine period—about 160.

" ALEXANDER MORTVVS NON EST SED VIVIT
SUPER ASTRA ET CORPVS IN HOC TVMVLO
QVIESCIT VITAM EXPLEVIT SVB ANTONINO
IMP^O QVIBVS MVLTVM BENE FITII ANTEVEN-
IRE PRAEVIDERET PRO GRATIA ODIVM RED-
DIDIT GENVA ENIM FLECTENS VERO DEO
SACRIFICATVRBVS AD SVPPICIA DVCTIVRO
TEMPORA INFAVSTA QVIBVS INTER SACRA
ET VOTA NE IN CAVERNIS QVIDEM SALVARI
POSSIMVS QVID MISERIVS VITA SED QVID
MISERIVS IN MORTE CVM AB AMICIS ET
PARENTIBVS SEPELIRI NEQVEANT TANDEM
IN COELO CORVSCANT PARVM VIXIT QVI
VIXIT IV. X. TEM."

In Christ. Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He ended his life under the Emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good. For, while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which, among sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, we are not safe. What can be more wretched than such a life? and what than such a death? when they cannot be buried by their friends and relations—at length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived, who has lived in Christian times."

In the third century it is evident that the Christian population of Rome had increased to an enormous extent—probably to a far greater extent than any historical annals of the time have yet shown. When the captivity of the Emperor Valerian led the Christian community to believe that the hour of the long expected revolution was at hand, the discomfiture of the empire gave fresh courage to the proselytes of the Church, and it has been held, with some air of probability, that half the population of Rome was already either openly or secretly Christian. The great persecution of Diocletian, which followed this premature gleam of hope, was the last violent reaction against the progress of the Church; and in spite of the efforts of Gibbon to underrate the numbers of those who sealed their faith in Christ with their blood, it is impossi-

ble to doubt that enormous multitudes of Christians were at that time exposed to indiscriminate massacre. The Catacombs consequently abound far more in the memorials of the third century than of the preceding times; and it is to this later age of the subterranean Church that the principal ecclesiastical arrangements and decorations, which are still to be seen in the Catacombs, must be ascribed.

The mode in which the cemeteries served for an asylum in the days of persecution is thus described by Dr. Maitland:—

" The fact that the Catacombs were employed as a refuge from persecution, rests upon good evidence, notwithstanding objections founded upon the narrowness of the passages, the difficulty of supporting life, and the risk of discovery incurred by seeking concealment in an asylum so well known to the Pagans. These objections do not apply to a temporary residence below ground in time of danger; and it is not pretended that the Catacombs were inhabited under other circumstances. The recourse to such an asylum was no novelty in history, for long before that time, many 'of whom the world was not worthy,' took refuge in dens and caves of the earth. In the excavations at Quesnel, not only persons, but cattle, contrived to support existence: added to which, we have, as will be seen presently, the direct testimony of several writers. Had the intricacies of the Catacombs been known to the heathen authorities, or the entrances few in number, they would doubtless have afforded an insecure asylum. But the entrances were numberless, scattered over the Campagna for miles; and the labyrinth below was so occupied by the Christians, and so blocked up in various places by them, that pursuit must have been almost useless. The Acts of the Martyrs relate some attempts made to obstruct the galleries with earth, in order to destroy those who were concealed within; but setting aside these legends, we are credibly informed that not only did the Christians take refuge there, but that they were also occasionally overtaken by their pursuers. The Catacombs have become illustrious by the actual martyrdom of some noble witnesses to the truth. Xystus, bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered below ground in the time of Cyprian. Stephen, also bishop of Rome, was traced by heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel: on the conclusion of divine service, he was thrust back into his episcopal chair, and beheaded. The letters of Christians then living refer to such scenes with a simplicity that dispels all idea of exaggeration; while

their expectation of sharing the same fate affords a vivid picture of those dreadful times.

"In the time of Diocletian, Caius is said to have lived eight years in the Catacombs, and to have terminated this long period of confession by undergoing martyrdom. Even as late as the year 352, Liberius, bishop of Rome, took up his abode in the cemetery of St. Agnes during the Arian persecution.

"The discovery of wells and springs in various parts assists us in understanding how life could be supported in those dismal regions; although there is no evidence to prove that the wells were sunk for that purpose. One of them has been named the font of St. Peter; and however apocryphal the tradition which refers it to apostolic times, the fact of its having been long used for baptism is not to be disputed. Some of the wells were probably dug with the intention of draining the Catacombs.

"St. Chrysostom, who lived not long after the days of persecution, alludes to the concealment of a noble lady under ground. In an indignant remonstrance against the festivities held over the graves of martyrs in his dissipated city, he compares with the luxurious revels into which the Agape had degenerated, the actual condition of those whose sufferings were celebrated in so unbecoming a manner. 'What connection,' he asks, 'is there between your feasts, and the hardships of a lady unaccustomed to privation, trembling in a vault, apprehensive of the capture of her maid, upon whom she depends for her daily food?'

"These circumstances sufficiently prove the habit of taking refuge in the cemeteries on any sudden emergency; and it is not difficult to understand how the concealment was effected. On the outbreak of a persecution, the clergy, heads of families, and others particularly obnoxious to the Pagans, were the first to suffer; perhaps the only individuals whose death or exile was intended by the imperial officers. Aware of their danger, and well versed in the signs of impending persecution, they betook themselves to the Catacombs, there to be supported by those whose obscure condition left them at liberty.

"So well was this mode of escaping their vengeance known to the heathen, that several Roman edicts made it a capital offence to enter the cemeteries. The rescript of Valerian and Gallienus begins with this prohibition; and at the close of their persecution, Gallienus gave the Christians a formal license to return to the Catacombs. This permission was repealed by Maximian, on the renewal of the Diocletian persecution."

If it be in some measure difficult to conceive this prolonged underground life, which must after all have been confined to a comparatively

small number of persons, owing to the absence of every species of sustenance, and for the most part, even of water, the same remark does not apply to the crypts or larger vaults, excavated and evidently used for the purposes of divine worship. These subterranean churches were filled with tombs, tombs in the floor, and tombs in the walls, whilst at the end the *arcosolium*, in front or by the side of which the officiating presbyter occupied a marble chair, gradually came to serve the purposes of an altar. There is, however, abundant evidence that this was not its original destination, and that the primitive practice was otherwise. It is apparent from all the paintings of Christian feasts, whether of the Agape, or the burial feasts of the dead, or the Communion of the Holy Sacrament, that they were celebrated by the early Christians sitting round a table. In one of the chapels of the cemetery of St. Callixtus, traces of the sockets to receive the four feet of a table in front of the tribune or apsis are distinctly visible; and this arrangement has so far been preserved in the most ancient Christian basilicas of the city of Rome, that to this day the high altar is not contiguous to the eastern end of the church, but placed in the middle of the choir, and the officiating priest turns his face westward *towards* the people, looking over the altar.

On this point, as it is nearly connected with the disputed question of stone altars, we must permit ourselves a short digression. There is in Rome one wooden altar, or rather Lord's Table, and this is placed by a remarkable exception in the very first of all the churches, the Lateran itself—*caput et mater omnium ecclesiarum*. The exception was so striking that in the papal decretals which regulated and established the use of stone altars, an express exception was made for the table of the Lateran. The history of it is this. Tradition asserts that the Holy Communion was administered to the faithful in Rome by St. Peter on a wooden table; and it is affirmed that as early as the fourth century Pope Sylvester presented to the church of the Lateran a table on which this apostolic rite was believed to have taken place. One of the Salzburg Pilgrims (hereafter referred to) goes so far as to attribute to Peter the manufacture of the table. "Mensa quoque, modo altare, quam Petrus manibus suis fecit, ibidem est!" It is probable that the original table has long

since perished, but a wooden table of great antiquity supplies its place and preserves the tradition, which may be seen to this day inside the high altar of the Lateran. M. Perret, who yields to none in Catholic orthodoxy, expressly admits this fact:—

“It is in the Catacombs that the type of altars in the form of tombs, as they were afterwards raised, must be sought. Nevertheless, the Christian altar called by St Paul sometimes *altare* (Heb. 13: 10), and sometimes *mensa domini* (1 Cor. 10: 21), had at first the form of a table, because it was at table that our Lord instituted the Sacrament. It appears that originally this table was commonly made of wood, in order that in case of persecution it might easily be removed from one place to another; hence it is not wonderful that the Pagans reproached the Christians as having no altars.” (Perret, vol. vi. p. 55.)

It has been shown in the able discussion which this subject has lately undergone in our own ecclesiastical courts and the Privy Council, that this distinction between a table and an altar is in truth an essential difference, marking the line between the celebration of the Lord’s Supper and the sacrifice of the Mass. It thus appears that the movable wooden table, which is alone sanctioned by the Church of England, may be traced in the primitive ritual of the Catacombs; and that in proportion, as the celebration of the Sacrament was transferred from the table in front to the altar-tomb behind, the ceremony itself and the doctrine it embodied gradually assumed a different character. This view of the case is of course disputed by the Roman Catholic writers, who satisfy their own zeal or imaginations by finding, on the most slender evidence, traces of all the later practices of their Church. Thus, whenever Padre Marchi discovers a marble chair, the well-known seat or throne of the priest or bishop, he converts it into a confessional: the shelf, or credence table on which the sacred books or sacramental vessels were probably laid, is supposed to have served as a support for movable pictures; and the tomb at the head of the vault becomes an altar.

It is not, however, our intention to give a polemical character to these descriptive observations, or to enter upon theological questions which would here be out of place: we content ourselves with the remark that no one can examine these records and ornaments

of the Catacombs without being forcibly struck by the constant recurrence of evangelical symbols and allusions to the Old and New Testament, common to the whole Christian world, whilst there is a marked absence of every thing relating to the exclusive and peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. It is gratifying to remark that the doctrines they convey, and the truths they represent, are, for the most part those on which all Christians agree, as in the primitive faith, and not those on which subsequent differences have arisen.

The subjects painted are strictly historical. They are selected, with hardly an exception, from the Bible, and they were evidently intended partly to instruct the uninformed by pictures addressed to the eye, and partly to awaken the mind of the Christian to the symbolical meaning of these types.* Thus, the Temptation of Eve, Moses striking the Rock, Elijah ascending in the Chariot of Fire, Noah in the Ark, Daniel in the Lions’ Den, the Young Men in the Fiery Furnace, Jonah and the Gourd, Jonah’s deliverance from the Whale’s Belly; and from the New Testament, the Good Shepherd, the Adoration of the Magi, in which alone the Virgin Mary is introduced, the Resurrection of Lazarus, the delivery of the keys to St. Peter, the Sower, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, are continually repeated on the ceiling of *cubiculi*. In a few instances Pagan subjects were introduced, perhaps because Pagan artists were employed; thus it was fancifully conceived that Ulysses fastened to the mast of his ship presented some faint resemblance to the Crucifixion, and the Saviour was represented under the person or with the lyre of Orpheus, either as the civilizer of men, or in allusion to the Orphic poetry already interspersed with Christian images. The ornaments of the walls and roofs of the *cubiculi* were painted in the Roman taste, but every object became symbolical. Thus the Church was represented by a ship, the Navicella, or by a woman in the attitude of prayer; the anchor represented Hope in immortality; the stag reminded the faithful of the pious aspirations of the Psalmist; the horse was the emblem of strength in the faith; the hunted hare of persecution; the fish was an anagram of the name of Jesus; the dove and the cock stood for Christian

* See Milman’s History of Christianity, vol. iii. p. 489.

virtues; the peacock and the phoenix for signs of the resurrection. But this is the sum total of these primitive paintings; no legends, no saints, few portraits even of apostolic persons; here and there; but seldom, a head of the Saviour; in one instance only, a female figure with a child, supposed to be the Virgin, but the subject and dates are alike uncertain.* The earliest painted head of Christ is probably not older than the fourth century. The bas-reliefs on the first Christian sarcophagi are perhaps earlier. But it is extremely remarkable that the early Christians never represented those scenes of the passion and death of our Lord which afterwards became the favorite subjects of Christian artists—the crucifix was unknown till long afterwards—and even the plain Cross, anterior to the monogram of Constantine, seems to have been secreted in the lowest depth of the Catacombs. The *nimbus* was never used by the early Christians or applied to their holy images until it had ceased altogether to be used in Pagan art.

The two great sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper are constantly represented and alluded to in these paintings, but no others. Thus the administration of the Lord's Supper is depicted by a sketch of seven, or, in one instance, twelve Apostles, sitting on one side a table, on which a dish containing loaves of bread and grapes, sometimes a fish, *Iχθυς*. An attempt has sometimes been made to connect the fish with the doctrine of transubstantiation; but in fact, it is much more probable, that this scene represents the meal near the Sea of Tiberias, described in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel. There is in the whole range of these paintings and symbols no Host, no adoration of the Sacrament, no sign of a transcendental character; nor is there a vestige of holy water, extreme unction, incense, confessions, worship of saints, purgatory, and other Romish observances. †

* Padre Marchi assigns this head of the Virgin Mary to the second century, but the introduction of the monogram of Constantine shows it to be of a far later period. Some of the painted sepulchral glasses found in the Catacombs present an unequivocal representation of the Virgin Mary with uplifted arms and the *nimbus*, the name *MARIA* being inscribed above the figure; but these paintings appear to us to convey no more than that veneration which has in all ages of the Church been paid to the Mother of our Lord, and which the Church of England professes.

† An able and learned writer has stated in the "Dublin Review" (vol. xxi. p. 427.), the Roman Catholic view of the evidence to be found in the

Martyrs and martyr worship did not exist at the same time. Lastly, although it is probable that the separate cells of each chapel, intersected by the corridor, were respectively occupied by male and female worshippers, yet no seclusion of the sexes could be observed there.*

These matters have been fully discussed by Dr. Maitland, to whose works we refer our readers. Mr. Northcote, on the other hand, protests, on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church, against building any argument, real or supposed, on the silence of the inscriptions or the absence of certain dogmatic teaching. Yet Mr. Northcote, four pages earlier, has drawn a precisely similar inference from the fact that no titles of rank or dignity, and no badges of slavery, are to be found in the entire range of the Catacombs. He justly contends that this circumstance can only be explained by the precepts of a religion which taught that there was no respect of persons. In like manner we argue that the absence of images of the Virgin Mary and the Saints, in the primitive portions of the cemeteries, shows how little such practices or opinions were known to those who formed and decorated these cemeteries with the simple historical scenes of Scripture.

Such was the state and such were the uses of the Catacombs, during the first three centuries of the Church of Rome. But in the fourth century, the baptism of Constantine, the proclamation of peace and toleration to the Church, and the powerful impulse given by these events to the propagation of Christianity, changed the aspect of these subterranean retreats. The practice of burying

Catacombs, and has pointed out the frequent use in them of prayers for the dead. But this evidence goes no further than to prove that ejaculatory inscriptions,—such as *PAX TIBI, VIVAS IN DEO, SPIRITU TUUM DEUS REFRIGERET, ROGA ET PETE, ORA PRO PARENTIBUS TUIS*, and the like, were common among the early Christians,—a fact which we certainly do not contest, and which has been judicially admitted by the Court of Arches, although the Church of England discourages the practice from a dread of the abuses resulting from its supposed connection with the *doctrine of Purgatory*. But there is a long distance from such inscriptions as these to the usage of prayers for the relief of souls from a state of intermediate suffering, which is the modern doctrine of the Church of Rome. (See I. Curt. Eccles. Reports, p. 893, Brecks, v. Woolfrey.)

* "The Council of Elvira, however," says Dr. Maitland, "prudently forbade women to pass the night in the cemeteries. 'Placuit prohiberi ne feminæ in cemeteriis pervigilient, eo quod saepè sub obtentu orationis, latenter sceleris committant.'"

dead in crypts which were already hallowed by the remains of so many confessors and martyrs still prevailed, and amongst the inscriptions collected by Bosio some are as late as the sixth century of our era. But the age of martyrdom was passed. The perils which had driven the early Christians to these gloomy tabernacles were over. The Christian Church began to expand from the recess hollowed in the rock into edifices which took their form and their name from the basilica or seat of justice of the Roman authorities. The *monumentum arcuatum* which bent over the grave of the martyr, feebly illuminated by the tiny lamps of those who groped their way to the shrine, swelled into the apsis or tribune of a temple, in which, however, the same disposition of seats and reading desks was long retained.* But whilst the Church was emerging from the Catacombs, these cemeteries, which still contained the bones and ashes of the first champions of the faith, were invested with unspeakable sanctity in the eyes of the people, and it may be assumed that the priests were not slow to avail themselves of these devotional sentiments. The sacred places were only to be approached with awe. The relics they contained were gradually invested with miraculous powers, and exceeded in value all the treasures of the earth. Pilgrims of all lands, in which the Gospel had been preached began to flock to Rome, and in Rome the most attractive spots were the tombs of the first Christians. The Catacombs became from the fourth to the eighth century the scene and the object of countless acts of devotion. To admit these pilgrims, the narrow shaft and the dim aperture of the days of persecution were no longer sufficient. Staircases were opened—the galleries leading to the principal tombs were enlarged—the *lucernariae* were widened, and churches erected over or near the entrance to each of the principal cemeteries. Those of St. Agnes, St. Sebastian,

and many others, are still in existence. It requires a careful and a practised eye to distinguish between the genuine, original structure of the Catacombs and the additions made to them in later ages for other purposes. Probably also some of the ornaments to be found over the principal tombs are of a more recent date than the tombs themselves. But for three or four centuries the distinctive characteristics of the cemeteries remained unaltered.

It is stated that amongst the pilgrims who resorted to these interesting spots in the course of the seventh century and the pontificate of Honorius, two pious travellers from the diocese of Salzburg have left to posterity a precise manual or handbook of their visit to the churches and cemeteries both within and without the walls of Rome. They are said to have visited the Imperial city in the early part of the seventeenth century and in the reign of Pope Honorius—but these curious itineraries remained unpublished till the latter portion of the last century, when being found amongst a Salzburg manuscript of the works of Alcuin, the last editor of that writer gave them to the press.* These guide-books have but recently been studied and applied to the spots they describe. They were of course wholly unknown to Bosio and the explorers of the seventeenth century. Yet they not only correspond accurately with the directions and observations contained in the “Roma Sotterranea” of that period, but they have proved of some service in establishing the site and identity of other monuments, and have contributed to furnish Cavaliere di Rossi with a clue to this labyrinth. Indeed, it was chiefly on the faith of these guides, that the reigning Pope was induced by the Commission of the Catacombs to purchase a vineyard in which the true entrance to the Calixtine Catacomb has now been found, and thus the most curious discoveries of the last few years

* The church of St. Clement near the Lateran is the edifice in Rome which has most completely retained its primitive arrangements—the marble chair of the bishop—the choir separated from the church by a low marble balustrade—on either side the *ambones*, that is a pulpit and a reading desk, precisely in the form used by the Church of England and adapted to her worship. The present church of St. Clement is of the eighth century; but underneath this church a subterranean church of the fourth century has been discovered; and still deeper in the earth, beneath the subterranean church, the remains of a pagan temple of the earliest period of Roman architecture have recently been excavated.

* Alcuini Opera, fol. tom. ii. ex Typograph. Monasterii Emerani, 1777. The statement in the text is that given by Padre Marchi. We have examined the “Itineraries” themselves, but we are unable to discover on what evidence this date has been assigned to them, as in fact they contain no date at all, and no indication of their authorship. Frobenius, the editor of Alcuin, suggests that they may have been written by Alcuin himself, as they were discovered between two of his letters in the Salzburg library; but this would be entirely at variance with Padre Marchi’s theory. They were probably composed before the removal of the relics by Pope Paschal.

have been made. Considerable confusion had been introduced in the names or designations of the cemeteries lying between the Via Latina, the Via Appia, and the Via Ardentina; but the Salzburg Pilgrims distinctly affirmed that the entrance to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus was on the right of the Appian Way, somewhat nearer to the city than the Church of St. Sebastian, the Praetexta Catacomb being to the north, and that of St. Domitilla to the south. They also stated the names of the principal persons buried there, and in particular referred to the Pontifical crypt which they said contained the tombs of at least four of the Popes of the third century, whilst St. Cornelius and St. Cecilia were interred in other parts of the cemetery.

We borrow from the text of M. Perret's work the following succinct account of these researches:—

"Down to the year 1854 it was almost universally believed that the centre of the cemetery of St. Calixtus was in the excavations under the basilica of St. Sebastian. The tombs of the pontiffs interred in that catacomb were shown there, and St. Urban was supposed to have deposited the body of St. Cecilia—*inter collegas episcopos*—in the same place. Since that time, M. di Rossi, relying on authentic monuments, has combated the prevailing opinion, and proved that the tombs of the pontiffs and of St. Cecilia are under certain vineyards on the Appian Way. The excavations made under his directions have demonstrated the truth of his views.

"In this vineyard stands an ancient edifice, which (though now used as a farm building) may be regarded as an ancient Christian basilica. Near this edifice is a large staircase leading to the upper level of the cemetery, but, till lately, blocked up with earth and ruins. An immense quantity of rubbish closed the approaches and the crypts to which this staircase originally led. No sooner had a few feet of the chief entrance been cleared, than a fine range of masonry was discovered, reaching to the level of the soil. On the right a large door opened upon a crypt which was equally full of earth and rubbish: but the stucco of the vault was soon laid bare and found to be covered with Greek and Latin inscriptions, scratched upon it by the numerous pilgrims who had visited this spot—an evident proof that it was one of peculiar importance. Most of the inscriptions were mere names or monograms scratched on the plaster. Thus, a certain Elaphis had written Εγαθον εις μνειαν εχετε,—a Dionysius, Διονυσιον εις μνειαν εχετε. Some of them were invocations of the pilgrims, not for themselves,

but for those dear to them; Ζητε Θεω, vivat in Domino, vivat in Deo; sometimes vivat in Θεω, and similar expressions."

In one of these, not mentioned by M. Perret, the name of Sophronia repeatedly occurs, evidently traced by the same hand. "Sophronia, dulcis Sophronia," marks the track of the faithful pilgrim along the walls, until at length, in the crypt of St. Cornelius, which is in one of the most remote parts of the catacomb, the same touching remembrance occurs, with this addition, "Sophronia, dulcis Sophronia, vivis in Deo!" By these and similar indications Cavaliere di Rossi was guided in the researches which have lately been crowned with still more remarkable success. A staircase, partly of the fourth century, now conducts the traveller by about twenty-four steps to a passage broader than the galleries of the dead usually are, and thence to a sepulchral chamber. On the sides of this chamber are tombs bearing in rude letters the names of ANTEPΩC (A.D. 235), FABIANUS (A.D. 236), LYCIOT (Lucius, A.D. 226), and EUTYCHIANUS (A.D. 275). Each of these names is followed by the short designation EPIS. ET. MAR. Dean Milman expresses an opinion that Fabian is the first Bishop of Rome whose martyrdom is historically authenticated; but it will be observed that in this crypt the tomb of Fabian is found side by side with his immediate predecessor Anteros, Cornelius lay in another part of the same cemetery, and Lucius, who succeeded Cornelius, lay beside Fabian. The history of these early bishops is doubtless very obscure, but that they actually existed, and were bishops and martyrs of the Church in Rome, may be fairly inferred from the discovery of tombs bearing their names and titles in the very place of sepulture where they were stated to have been interred. The title of "martyr" was however sometimes applied to those who lived under the persecutions, though without enduring actual martyrdom. All these prelates are mentioned by Tillemont in the third volume of his Ecclesiastical History, and the fact of their interment in the cemetery of St. Calixtus is particularly noticed.

The central tomb under the *arcosolium* of this crypt is nameless and empty; but as it is known that Pope Sixtus II. was buried in this catacomb, after having suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Valerian, A.D. 258, in the adjoining galleries of the Praetexta,

there is a strong presumption that this was his grave. This presumption is fortified by a striking piece of evidence. Pope Damasus, towards the close of the fourth century, rendered himself remarkable for the care he bestowed on the sacred edifices of Rome, for his skill in composing a species of bastard epigram, and for his zeal in having these compositions cut in marble in Roman letters of a peculiar form and of extreme elegance. The inscriptions of Pope Damasus are some of the most beautiful in the world, and the hand of the workman he employed is so peculiar that it is almost impossible to mistake it when once it is known. A fac-simile of one of them is given with great success by M. Perret, vol. v. plate 39. Many of the original inscriptions have of course perished, but they are preserved in considerable numbers by contemporary historians, and amongst them the following lines are recorded. They were written by the Pope to be placed in or over a sepulchral chamber in the cemetery of St. Calixtus, and they describe the holy persons interred there, with whose remains Damasus was too modest to confound his own.

“ Hic congesta jacet queris si turba piorum
Corpora sanctorum retinent veneranda sepul-
cra,
Sublimes animas rapuit sibi regia celi.
Hic comites Xysti portant qui ex hoste tro-
pea,
Hic numerus procerum servat qui altaria
Christi,
Hic positus longa vixit qui in pace sacerdos *,
Hic confessores sancti quos Græcia misit,
Hic juvenes, puerique, senes, castique nepotes,
Quis mage virgineum placuit retinere podo-
rem,
Hic fateor Damasus volui mea condere mem-
bra,
Sed cineres timui sanctos vexare piorum.”

What had become of this celebrated monumental inscription, which was, as it were, the title and frontispiece of the catacomb itself? Our antiquarian readers will sympathize with the excitement of Cavaliere di Rossi when he found, amongst the rubbish cleared from the chapel, a broken fragment of a marble tablet containing the word “Hic” in Damasian characters, three times repeated, one below the other. The commencement of the fourth, fifth, and sixth lines of the well-known inscription flashed on his mind; and, in short, after a careful search, and an ingenious reconstruc-

tion of the whole tablet, which had been shattered into one hundred and twenty-six fragments, the entire inscription was recovered, and may now be seen as legible as when Pope Damasus had it executed some fourteen hundred and fifty years ago.

The discoveries made in this catacomb did not end here. It was stated by the Salzburg Itineraries and by other authorities, that Cornelius, who succeeded to the see of Rome next after the martyrdom of Fabian (A.D. 249), was interred in a remote part of the same cemetery. During the earlier excavations a broken slab had been discovered with the syllables *LIUS . . . TYR . . .* upon it, and this had been deposited in the Kircherian Museum. Some time afterwards the other portions of the same slab, with the syllables *CORNE . . . MAR . . .* were found to have been built in an adjoining wall. The two fragments fitted, and now form the tablet which once covered the grave of *CORNELIUS, MARTYR.** Hard by the spot is a rude wall painting representing the saint, and by his side St. Cyprian, whose name is introduced; a remarkable confirmation of the intimacy between these two eminent men, who resisted, with equal firmness, the progress of the Novatian heresy, the one in Carthage, the other in Rome; and both died the death of martyrs.

The legend of St. Cæcilia has been so disguised by the Roman martyrologists, that it is difficult to establish for her a positive historical character. Yet some of the particulars of her reputed life and death are confirmed by evidence which demonstrate, at least, the antiquity of her story. The church of St. Cæcilia in Trastevere, was certainly in existence in the year 500, when Pope Symmachus held a council there. It was then believed to have been erected on the site of the mansion of Cæcilia herself, and the chapel in which she is supposed to have suffered the first attempt on her life, still contains the conduits for steam or hot air, showing it to have formed part of the baths of a Roman palace. The legend goes on to relate that after she had converted her husband, Valerian, to the faith, he and his brother were first put to death, and buried by her care in the cemetery of St. Calixtus. Her own execution speedily followed; and having

* Supposed by Cavaliere di Rossi to be Pope Melchiades, who lay in another crypt of the same catacomb.

* Cornelius suffered martyrdom at Civita Vecchia on the 14th September, 252, and was buried in St. Calixtus' cemetery.

distributed her goods to the poor, and desired that her house might be converted into a place of Christian worship, she too expired, and was buried by St. Urban in the same catacomb. The story is a touching and a graceful one; but, as Tillemont observes, there is no evidence that she ever saw St. Urban at all; and he conjectures that she suffered in Sicily about the year 178. However, he adds, with real or affected submission to authority, "il nous suffit" that the Church placed her in all its oldest martyrologies and in the Litanies of the Saints. Our present concern is not with the saint, but with the tomb which was believed to contain her remains—whether apocryphal or not is immaterial. The records of the pilgrims relate, that in the seventh century the tomb of Cæcilia was resorted to as a place of great sanctity *within* the sepulchral chamber of the Popes. In the ninth century, Pope Paschal I. removed her remains to the church consecrated to her within the city; and, to descend to more recent times, when we find ourselves within reach of actual testimony, the sarcophagus in which these remains were placed by Paschal, was opened with great solemnity, in the year 1599, in the presence of Cardinal Baronius, who has left an exact description of the ceremony and of the appearance of the body. "She was lying within a coffin of cypress wood, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, not in the manner of one dead and buried, but on her right side, as one asleep; and in a very modest attitude, covered with a simple stuff of taffety, having her head bound with cloth, and at her feet the remains of the cloth of gold and silk which Pope Paschal found in her original tomb." This attitude was seized with great felicity by the sculptor Stefano Maderno, who executed the recumbent figure which may still be seen over her shrine.

Could then any traces be found of the crypt in the catacomb of St. Calixtus, in which the alleged body of St. Cæcilia was originally deposited, and where—whether it was authentic or spurious—it certainly was held in high veneration for several centuries anterior to the removal by Pope Paschal? We have already mentioned that this crypt was recorded to be *within* the Pontifical Chamber, and, a closer search being recently made, traces of a passage were discovered by Cavaliere di Rossi on the left hand of the *arcosolium*; the passage was cleared, and found to lead into an inner sepul-

chral chamber. Here lay an open tomb, from which the body had been removed, and on the wall may be seen the painted figure of a woman (an object of unfrequent occurrence in the Christian cemeteries), by whose side stands a venerable figure designated by the name of Urban. Whether, therefore, "divine Cæcilia," is to be regarded as a myth of the Romish Church, or whether a martyr of that name was actually interred there under the circumstances described, there is a chain of direct evidence connecting the present tomb, which was erected only two centuries and a half ago, with the remains existing in the Catacombs probably as early as the third century.

This example may serve to show the nature and effect of the last change the Catacombs were destined to undergo. We have seen that from the fourth to the eighth centuries, they had become the resort of innumerable pilgrims, and the plaster or soft tufa of the walls is still marked in a thousand places with the *graffiti* or scratches of those, who, like more modern visitors, seem in all ages to have had a passion for leaving their names to be deciphered by posterity. But, towards the ninth century, partly from fear of the incursions of barbarians, especially of the Lombards, partly from a desire to give additional sanctity to the churches and shrines within the city of Rome, the popes encouraged the removal of the remains of the early Christians from their real places of interment to other sanctuaries. The progress of superstition had led to the belief that every altar ought, if possible, to be consecrated by the relics of a martyr. The Catacombs afforded an inexhaustible supply of these memorials; the chain of local evidence which gave an interest and a meaning to the actual tombs of the early Christians, was altogether broken; the cemeteries were literally rifled, and their contents were promiscuously transferred to the marble altars and the gilded shrines of a faith widely different from that simple creed for which so many of them had died.*

* This most objectionable practice has not only prevailed throughout the later ages of the Romish Church, but, we are sorry to say, is not even now entirely abandoned. Dr. Wordsworth has recently exposed in his "Notes in Paris," published in 1864, a most remarkable case of this kind, which forcibly illustrates the gross abuse of which we complain. Some time ago the following inscription was discovered in the Catacombs of Rome near the Via Salaria:—

This transformation seems to us to explain, in a very striking manner, some of the characteristic practices of the later Romish Church, from which Protestant Christians most cordially dissent. Planted, as it were, in the earlier ages of the Church, within the recesses of these subterranean crypts which were dedicated to and peopled by the dead, the offices of religion began to partake in some degree of *tomb-worship*. The celebration of the Lord's Supper was transferred, as we have seen, from the table in front of the *arcosolium* to the slab behind it—*retro sanctos*—and beneath that slab slept a martyr, so that the very idea of the altar became connected with the relics of a saint. The churches of the Christian metropolis which arose in great number and magnificence, after the ascendency of the faith had been proclaimed, aspired to vie in sanctity with those mysterious sepulchres which had witnessed the first trials and triumphs of the Christian community. The relics and supposed remains were therefore removed; and the early Christians who had been laid centuries before in the cells of the Catacombs, anticipating certainly no earthly disinterment, were brought to the light of day, and invested with legendary histories and miraculous powers. Such was the exact course the doctrine of the veneration of saints

AURELIAE THEUDOSIAE
BENIGNISSIMAE ET
INCOMPARABILI FEMINAE
AURELIUS OPTATUS
CONJUGI INNOCENTISSIMAE
DEPOS. PR. KAL. DEC.
NAT. AMBIANA.
B. M. F.

The Congregation of Relics decided that this lady was a Christian, which is probable,—a martyr, which is uncertain,—a saint and a native of *Amiens in France*. The pope decreed that the name of St. Theudosia, a name wholly unknown even to the Roman Calendar, should be added to the ritual of the church of Amiens: and her body (or what was supposed to remain of it) was actually transported to Amiens on the 12th October, 1853, and received there in the cathedral with extraordinary splendor by twenty-eight mitered prelates. Cardinal Wiseman preached the first sermon on the occasion. All this rests on the assumption, made in defiance of the laws of grammar, that the words *NAT. AMBIANA* agree with "Theudosia" and mean, as the Abbé Gerbert says, "*née Amienoise*." Dr. Wordsworth, however, suggests that these words stand for "Nation Ambiana"—a more correct form of expression—meaning that she was of the nation of the Ambiani. Amiens was called Samanobria and not Ambianum until the time of Gratian (A.D. 382), when the age of martyrdom had long passed away.

appears to have followed from its origin in these very Catacombs; and when it is considered how large are the temptations it offers to the frauds of one class of men and to the credulity of another, it is not surprising that the result has been injurious to religion and debasing to mankind. The more curious therefore, is it to compare the simplicity of the original tombs and the humility of their evangelical ornaments, with the prodigious superstructure raised by Rome on this foundation. But in removing the remains of the early Christians to more pompous receptacles, the popes appear to have been unconscious that they were destroying part of the actual historical evidence of the primitive Church; to substitute one tomb for another is to raise grave doubts of the authenticity of both.

We hope, on every account, that a more candid and judicious spirit now prevails in the management of this department of Christian antiquities; and the reputation of Cavaliere di Rossi as an antiquary and a scholar, stands too high for him to lend himself in any way to these devices, which are absolutely destructive of that which is of interest to the whole literary world, as long as it is reserved for the purposes of history and not prostituted to those of superstition. The publication of the entire collection of the Christian inscriptions of Rome is a great work which cannot fail to shed additional lustre on the reign of the present pontiff, who has certainly not been wanting in the encouragement and assistance he has been able to bestow on Roman archaeology. The funds for the purchase of the vineyard leading to the entrance of the cemetery of St. Calixtus were provided, not without difficulty, from the Pope's own purse, and Pius IX. was one of the first persons who proceeded to visit these curious discoveries. We trust, therefore, the success of this experiment may encourage the Papal Government to re-open the Catacombs for the only legitimate purpose they can serve, namely, as the repository of the remains of the primitive Church. The different sects and opinions of the present day may find in these memorials various meanings; but as long as they are preserved in their genuine simplicity, they cannot fail to add an interesting page to the records of mankind.

From Chambers's Journal.
VISITANTS OF SHIPS AT SEA.

ALL persons who have made long voyages especially in land-locked seas and on board of sailing vessels, must remember painfully the wearisomeness of protracted calms. But travellers who have a turn for natural history, often find amusement in circumstances which kill others with ennui. At particular seasons of the year, a ship proceeding, for instance, to the Mediterranean, has no sooner been two or three days out at sea, than the passengers observe birds of various kinds perched upon the rigging. Fatigue is generally supposed to be the cause of these visits, though we cannot always have recourse to this explanation, since even when the shore is near at hand, these little explorers of strange things will come and display their beauty to the mariner, reminding him of green woods and sunny glades, in the midst of vast billows, and the watery waste. We believe that hawks and falcons are not usually reckoned among migratory birds; yet it is certain that they sometimes cross the Mediterranean where it is broadest, as well from Africa to Europe as from Europe to Africa. One day in summer, lying almost midway between Marmorice and Greece, we observed a golden falcon coming up swiftly from the south, and resting upon the top-gallant-sail-yard. As he remained there a considerable time, we inferred that he meant to make the passage to Europe in our company; and a young sailor went up to do the honors of the ship, and invite him to descend. Having evidently had enough of flying, the falcon made no objection. He suffered himself to be taken without the least resistance; and when brought down to the deck, looked about him, as we thought, with tokens of pleasure. Perhaps he detected the smell of meat; and certainly when some was offered him, the voracity with which he fell upon it suggested the probability that we were indebted for the pleasures of his company to hunger rather than weariness.

Being treated with much kindness, he showed no desire to quit us, though allowed his full freedom. He flew fore and aft, soared up to the vane, and then, when he thought proper, came down like an arrow.

Everybody on board was amused with him, and loved to gaze at his large bright eyes as he watched every thing around him, or turned up quick glances at the clouds. We began

to think him as tame as a kitten, gave him, by way of peace-offering, bits of meat with our fingers, and some of the bolder among us even ventured to stroke his speckled breast. This, however, was not done without some apprehension, for he had sharp claws, and his beak was formidable.

When he had already been with us eight or ten days, we came in sight of Etna, towering ten thousand feet into the blue firmament, and with its deep, snowy cap looking like a stationary cloud. The falcon no doubt saw it much sooner than we did; but he had been kindly treated, and was doubtless loath to break hospitable ties. But when liberty or servitude was the question, he could not long hesitate; and, after wheeling twice or thrice about the ship, as if to take an affectionate leave of us, he rose aloft, plunged into space, and disappeared in the direction of the great mountain. We could not blame him, though, as he had grown friendly and familiar, we much regretted his departure.

Some of the old Dutch navigators being, like the rest of their countrymen, possessed strongly by the love of gardening, often used to make the attempt to indulge in the pleasures of horticulture on board ship. They made large, long, and deep boxes, filled them with fine earth, and raised for themselves cresses and other salads during their voyages to the east. When the keen-eyed birds perceived, as they could from a great distance, these little floating patches of verdure, they often alighted on the vessels to examine them. But most of the visits paid to ships by birds are owing to precisely the same motive as makes wayfarers pause at an inn on the road—they have travelled far, and need a little repose. Unfortunately, sailors have formed a strange theory respecting the appearance of birds in the neighborhood of their vessels, on their sails, or among the rigging; they look upon them as the sure forerunner of storms. Even the most observant travellers are sometimes betrayed—by putting confidence in old sea-faring men, usually full of prejudice and superstition—into sharing this belief. An able naturalist, sailing out of the Baltic, observed, just before losing sight of the island of Gothland a small gray bird of the sparrow tribe following the ship, upon which the captain said they should certainly have bad weather. Accordingly, in less than half an hour, the wind rose, the sea ran high,

and the waves broke fiercely over the bulwarks. The same writer remarks that, in the North Sea, the Baltic, and on the coast of Spain, whenever birds came on board, a tempest was sure to follow, which led him to infer that the petrel is not the only bird whose visits portend storms.

We have not yet sufficiently investigated the laws of instinct to know by what signs birds foresee the coming on of bad weather, though it is certain they do, long before the human eye can discover in sea or air the slightest indication of its approach. The most interesting point connected with this subject is the light it may serve to throw on the migration of birds. We know that many species disappear from the northern parts of Europe early in the autumn, and that they reappear a little later in Africa and Southern Spain. From these facts we might reasonably conclude, that in the interval they perform the passage from one of these parts of the world to the other. Ships bound in the same direction as the birds are often alighted upon by these little voyagers, when the rough wind precipitates them from the upper regions of the atmosphere, through which they would otherwise prefer to fly. Among these are the redstart, the swallow, and others, which the first harbinger of the nipping cold of winter sends hastily away to the beautiful slopes of Mount Atlas, or the southern acclivities of the Sierra Nevada. Sometimes on the Spanish coast the linnet puts forth to sea either caught by the vortices of the atmosphere, and carried away against its will, or tempted by curiosity to make acquaintance with the ships that sail down the Atlantic towards the Strait of Gibraltar.

Naturalists have observed that the rock of Gibraltar forms, for the English short-winged summer-birds, a resting place and rendezvous where they meet in spring and autumn, on their way to and from the north. In this fact, we discover an explanation of the facility with which these feeble voyagers pass from one quarter of the world to another. If they choose, they may avoid long sea-passages, and sit from hill to hill, and grove to grove, all the way from Kent or Sussex to the extremity of Andalucia. Occasionally, however, for reasons not easy to be discovered, or in obedience to some law of instinct altogether unknown, they not only avoid the land, but set out at night to traverse the

sea. When overtaken by hard weather, they are sometimes dashed against light houses, or the rigging of ships, and in the morning have been found dead on the deck, or among the rocks. It has been conjectured, that, disliking the gloom in which they are enveloped by the storm, they make voluntarily towards the strong beacon-light in search of an asylum, but it is quite as probable that amid the fury of the winds, they lose the power of directing their own flight, and are dashed accidentally against the lofty tower.

The nightingale is undoubtedly to be reckoned among birds of passage; yet we know of no instance of its being taken on shipboard. No doubt, it crosses the Mediterranean from Europe to Africa, because the season in which it is found on the northern slopes of the Atlas is precisely that in which it disappears from our latitudes. So, again, in Persia, the bulbul, or nightingale, is only observed to sing during those months in which its song is never heard with us. To Asia, however, it may easily migrate, along the soft valleys of Roumelia and Asia Minor; but to the Barbary States it could hardly travel otherwise than by sea. It may, indeed, proceed to the specular Rock of Gibraltar, and from thence see its way clearly into Morocco. Most ornithologists are of this opinion, as also that it comes over to us from the continent by the narrowest part of the Channel; and this they imagine to be the reason why it does not stroll so far westward as Devonshire and Cornwall. A much more probable reason is that they do not find their proper food in those counties; because, in reference to distance, Carlisle, which they do visit, is much further from Dover even than the Lands End.

Navigators in the Indian Ocean sometimes observe upon the yards and rigging of their ships unknown birds of the richest plumage, which come to them when they are so far out to sea, that nothing but experience could prove the possibility of a bird's flying to so great a distance. There are two species of cuckoo, natives, it is said, of Hawaii, which are known to fly across the ocean all the way from Australia to New Zealand, a distance of a thousand miles, without once resting, because there is no land between on which they could alight. As swift birds, however, fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour, they can perform this formidable passage in less than five hours and a half.

An eastern mariner once related to us a curious anecdote of a bird-visitor which he had many years before on board his ship. Having left the vicinity of Danger Island, he sailed away almost due east for upwards of a thousand miles, when, early one morning, he observed among the cordage a bird, in shape like a swallow, but of the most exquisite and delicate colors; its breast was bright azure, its tail green, its wings were of scarlet, from its head rose a golden crest, and its eyes were surrounded by a circle of pink feathers. It had been subdued, no doubt, by means of hunger, to a temper of the greatest tameness. He held out to it a little rice upon a plate. The bird descended, perched upon his arm, and ate with extreme voracity. It was evidently much used to man, took fright at no one, but at dinner walked coolly about upon the cabin table among the plates and dishes, now taking a bit from one hand, and now from another. Happening by chance to approach the cabin-door noiselessly, when, as he thought, the bird supposed itself to be alone, he heard it singing in the most plaintive manner, and at intervals pausing to talk in an unknown language. Watching it more narrowly, he observed that it was standing before a looking-glass, and holding a tender colloquy with its own image. On his entering, it seemed ashamed, and flew to the other side of the cabin.

At length the ship arrived at a small island, where, during its stay, several chiefs came on board, and were invited into the cabin. The mariner was surprised to behold them fall on their knees, bow their heads, and mutter a prayer to this bird. Upon inquiry, the mariner found it was their god, who, having gone out upon the ocean for an airing, had lost his way, and owed his preservation to the fortunate accident of meeting with a ship. The chiefs offered a large sum of money for his ransom; but the generous mariner, respecting their prejudices, or else pitying their weakness, restored them their divinity, without even charging for his board and lodging.

Here in Europe—though the plumage of the birds be less brilliant, which may account, perhaps, for their being held in less respect—ships sometimes present the appearance of a moving aviary. A vessel sailing through the Bay of Biscay, a considerable distance from land, became the resting-place of a goldfinch and chaffinch; snipes also, and a white

owl, flew round the ship; and, what was more surprising, a hawk appeared in the midst of large numbers of swallows and martins. To explain this phenomenon, we must suppose that the migratory instinct subdues for a season the instinct of ferocity, otherwise the white owl and the hawk would have feasted forthwith upon their companions. Finding themselves to be fellow-travellers with smaller and more defenceless birds, and looking upon the ship as a wandering caravansary, they respected the rights of hospitality, and for several days lived among their inferiors with equal gentleness and condescension. Another visitant to the same ship was a hen redstart, which entered through the port-holes over the guns, and was daily fed by the sailors. Having reposed as long as was needful, these little wayfarers took their leave—we may presume on their way to Africa, since the ship seems to have been descending from a higher to a lower latitude, and thus afforded the emigrants a welcome lift. On board the same vessel, a small gallinule and a kestrel hawk were caught at a distance of four hundred and twenty four miles from land.

It is highly probable that, if our naval officers were in general fonder of natural history, we should obtain from them extremely curious particulars respecting the habits of migratory birds. The oldest of the Greek poets alludes, in many parts of his poems, to the migration of cranes, which are so strong of wing that it may be presumed they never have reason to alight for rest on ships. After having passed the winter amid the warm marshes of the White Nile, or those of the Tigris and Euphrates, they traverse the scented valleys of Syria, and move in spring along the picturesque shores of Asia Minor. A learned traveller has an extremely interesting passage on their migration northward. A company of cranes, returning from their winter quarters, flew in orderly array over Smyrna, on the 9th of March, northward.

Another soon followed, and then many, some by day, when they were seen changing their figure and leader; some by moonlight, when they are heard, high in air, repeating their noisy signals. The same writer, sailing in autumn southward from the Hellespont, again saw his old friends on their way to their winter-quarters. Being near Tenedos, he says he was amused by vast caravans or companies of cranes passing high in the air from

Thrace, to winter, as he supposed in Egypt. He admired the number and variety of their squadrons, their extent, orderly array, and apparently good discipline.

Other migratory birds of strong wing scorn the aid of man in their flight and dart from one continent to another, depending exclusively on the force of their own pinions. Thus the pelicans, though birds of great weight, ascend into the atmosphere, and forming themselves into one compact wedge, cleave the air like an arrow, and traverse the whole Mediterranean at one flight. They present a sight of rare beauty when preparing for their departure. Differing in this from many other birds, they commence their journey in the morning, collecting in myriads on the marshes of the Nile, and soaring aloft with a scream, they form a vast canopy overhead, while the sun playing on their white feathers, delicately tipped with pink, remind the traveller of the snows of the higher Alps, which are often rendered rosy by the touch of dawn.

These powerful birds, as we have said need no other resting-places in their migrations than such as have been supplied them by nature. It is otherwise with the smaller winged tribes. These, when caught by the foremost blast of high winds, in their attempt to cross the sea, invariably take refuge in ships. A Swedish naturalist, entering the Mediterranean early in the morning, observed that the *Motacilla Hispanica* (a beautiful species of wagtail) almost immediately came on board. It had become conscious of the approach of a storm, and endeavored to escape from it by flight. Observing beneath it the white sails of a vessel, while Africa was a long way off, it descended boldly, to make friends, and demand hospitality of the Swedish mariners. They seem, however, to have thought more of the high winds, which the arrival of these little pilgrims portended, than of the beauty or the habits of their visitors. The wind which brought these aerial voyagers was a strong north-easter, and it came accompanied by thunder and lightning, things little familiar to Scandinavians in the month of October. But it being the migrating season, the birds would not defer their journey on account of stress of weather; but mounting amid atmospheric and electric currents, undismayed by the thunder's roar or the lightning's flash, they sought to fulfil faithfully the behests of

nature. In the morning, however, the waves were covered with the bodies of larks and wagtails, which had been killed by the fury of the elements during the night. Two only, one of either species, reached the ship in safety.

Sometimes birds seem to be induced by mere curiosity or love of mankind to put out from their native shore, and alight on ships at sea. The sparrow, it is well known, has an inveterate fondness for hopping and chirping about human beings, whether on land or water. They will even cling to the dwellings long after the dwellers therein have passed away, and sit sadly on the eaves at dawn, as if expecting the appearance of some new inhabitant. We are not at all surprised, therefore, to find, the African sparrow, on beholding a vessel, flying out to it, in order to take a crumb with its inmates. Sicily abounds with sparrows, which, during winter, sun themselves in large troops upon the beautiful old ruins of Grecian temples, where they will go round with you, as if they were quite interested in the antiquities. As soon as they see a ship, they fly away to it in great multitudes, as if delighted to examine any thing new; and on reaching it, flit about the sails, perch upon the yards, masts, and rigging, descending frequently to share the meals of the sailors, in whose rough humanity they place the most complete confidence.

Many species of birds love to construct what Shakspeare calls their procreant cradles on the islands of the Mediterranean. Aegina is a favorite spot, where, but for the policy of the inhabitants, they would multiply so fast as to produce a famine. Accordingly, as soon as the breeding season sets in, the worthy natives disperse themselves over the island, peer into every nook and cranny of the rocks, in search of the nests of doves, pigeons, and partridges, whose eggs they collect and take away, or destroy on the spot without mercy. In this part of Greece, the partridge is reckoned among singing-birds. Its note, they say, is extremely sweet; and, contrary to the instincts of its kind, at least as observed elsewhere, it perches at night. Now and then, the solitary thrush—a peculiar species—alights on the barks that ply among the Cyclades. The Turks set a high value upon this bird, whose song is unrivalled save by that of the nightingale.

It has been suggested by an able natural-

ist, that a most interesting Fauna might be written on the visitors of ships at sea; and the waters of our own coast would supply considerable materials for such a work. The wheatear, identical with the ortolan or beccafico, often rests upon vessels running up along the western coast of England, sometimes remaining on board for twenty-four hours together. This suggests a pleasant idea of sailors, who, instead of killing the little strangers, as many other classes of persons would, are almost invariably kind and hospitable towards them. If they could be induced to apply their leisure hours to the study of natural history, they would be able to furnish the world with innumerable curious particulars respecting the habits of birds. Perhaps the most interesting scene for such

observations is the Mediterranean, because of the vernal and autumnal voyages made by all the migratory birds across its waters. About the Lipari Islands alone it would be easy to find materials for an instructive chapter, since many rare birds are often found resting, as if on shipboard, upon their vitrified cones and pinnacles. But when the swallow touches at these isles, it must be for pleasure, not through weariness, since it would be easy for it, with its strong wings, to proceed onward to Sicily. Yet it may often be seen diving, so to speak, through the white smoke of Vulcano, or skimming along the rocky shores of Felicudi. Having performed these feats to its satisfaction, it plunges away towards the Faro, as if in search of the misty glories of the *fata morgana*.

THE ECSTACIES OF SKATING.—Lamartine, in his *Les Confidences* (*Confidential Disclosures*), describing one period of his boyhood, when with some half-dozen other children who went at early morning every day from the hamlet of Milly to the village of Bussière, whose poor rector was their instructor,—about a quarter of a league distant,—paints the intervening scenery, of which one feature is so opposite to the spirit of the present hour as leads me to transcribe it instantly upon being seen: "In the winter time this path"—leading down a declivity which he sketches—"was a deep bed of snow on a glacis of ice, down which we used to roll or slide in imitation of the Alpine shepherds. Below the meadows overrun by the stream were often lakes of ice, interrupted only by the black trunk of a willow. We had found the means to obtain skates, and by much practice and after many falls, we had learned how to make use of them. It was there that I was seized with a downright passion for that exercise of the North, in which I afterwards became very skilful. To feel one's self carried off with the swiftness of the arrow, and the graceful undulations of the bird in mid-air, on a smooth, resplendent, sonorous, and peridious surface; to give one's self, by a simple movement of the body, and, so to speak, with nought but one's will for a rudder, all the motions of a bark on the deep, or of an eagle soaring in the blue heavens, was for me, and would yet be, if I did not respect my own age, such an intoxication of the senses, and produced such a voluptuous dizziness in the brain, that I cannot think of it without emotion. Even horses, for which I had such a strong liking, do not give their riders that melancholy delirium which skaters find on the frozen bosom of a large lake. How often have I not sent up prayers that winter, with its resplendent but cold sun, sparkling on the blue ice of the boundless meadows of the Saône, might be eternal like our pleasures!"—*Transcript.*

WE have received a large wood engraving, finely and cleanly executed, of Leonardo da Vinci's great picture, "The Last Supper," which seems a most commendable attempt to introduce into our mechanics' and laborers' houses a higher kind of religious Art than red and blue Josephs and Jacobs. The drawing by Mr. David Scott is carefully done, almost perhaps too suddenly dark and timid at the shadow of the eyes and mouths, which destroys the suave, mellow breadth which distinguishes the fading glory of Milan. The detail is carefully worked out; the upset salt, the table-cloth tied in knots at the corner, the full money-bag clasped tightly and greedily in Judas' hand, the figured walls, as well as every turn and wrinkle of the drapery. As usual, the unapproachable head of our Saviour is not quite caught, and the mean, miserly, knavish face of Judas is a little overdone, and approaches the verge of the pantomime region of caricature. We can well understand, however, from the stories told of the researches in the low quarters of Milan that Leonardo made to find a model bad enough for the face of the betrayer of his Great Master. Some of the other faces are, however, at least in this copy, not prepossessing; and it would not be easy to discover their special virtue in the hooked noses (probably Jewish models all), clenched mouths, and scowling brows. The face of John is almost too womanly, considering that for him are reserved the hermit life on the desert island, and the sublime visions of the later days. We feel sure that cheap, good, and large reproductions of Protestant subjects from the old masters would repay any spirited publisher. Poor people cannot and perhaps never will be able to buy oil-paintings, however cheap. They have little time for any Art but that which appeals to the grand primary feelings of human nature,—and of these religion is the foremost.—*Athenaeum.*

From The Athenaeum.
Journal of the Reign of King George the Third, from the Year 1771 to 1783, by Horace Walpole; being a Supplement to his Memoirs, now first published from the Original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by Dr. Doran. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

READERS familiar with Lockhart's "Life of Scott" will remember the business-like calculation with which Capt. Basil Hall,—taking the number of words and lines in his own diary for *data*,—wrought it out to his own satisfaction that the Master of Abbotsford had time enough during the short fractions of morning hours, when he was out of sight of the public, to pen the Waverly Novels, at one time amounting to four romances within a twelvemonth. More recently we have seen in print a communication from our present distinguished Colonial Minister to some literary beginner, setting forth the curiously small amount of leisure claimed by his literary labors, many and various as these have been, and some demanding research. Recollections of the kind come over us by way of reply, so often as we are tempted to wonder at one emission of Walpole-ware after another, —one month some half hundred letters hitherto unpublished,—another two bulky volumes of *Memoirs*,—aware the while that both are from the hand of one who passed, and who delighted to pass, as a trifler. "Pray, dear child," he writes to Mann, with overstrained candor, "don't compliment me any more on my learning: there is nobody so superficial. Except a little history, a little poetry, a little painting, and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I? I, who have always lived in the big, busy world,—who lie a-bed all the morning, call it morning as long as you please,—who sup in company,—who have played at Pharaoh half my life, and now at Loo till two o'clock in the morning,—who have always loved pleasure." Though the spirits and modesty of the letter-writer ran away with him to the point of extravagance in disclaiming,—it is certain not only that Horace Walpole was in society almost as ceaselessly as Mr. Rogers—yet more, that his place there was among the wits. Talk such as that of the Selwyns, Townshends—nay, in later days, of the more dowager Blue Set, which the owner of Strawberry Hill frequented—has been always held to exhaust its giver. Diners-out have been rarely voluminous authors (the next morning's indigestion,

forbids it),—eager *loo*-players still more rarely profound or patient; but Walpole (a haunter, too, of curiosity-shops, auctions, and show-houses) might have been sent into the London world to prove such definitions as the above by exception. Possibly, the secret was with him, as it has been with other men of lively spirits and impulsive temperament, that he could keep nothing to himself,—his nature being eminently social. If he bought a cup of a strange color in Paris, down the cup must go into some letter to Parson Cole, or Lady Ailesbury. If he made a new archaeological guess or discovery, it must be shared instanter with a correspondent. If he contrived an epigram, it was forthwith to be dispatched to Lady Ossory or "holy Hannah," —or one of his two *Straw*-"Berries." Being thrown by position into the close vicinity of distinguished persons, and by disposition into an instant and prejudiced sympathy with "party" in public events,—standing the while purposely aloof in the attitude of one who knew that he had not the stuff of persistence in him from which political heroes are made,—it was instinctive with Horace Walpole to note down events as they passed, to put on record his passions respecting them. Whatever be concluded with respect to his heart, it will hardly be disputed that few such English specimens of versatility, vitality, and vivacity belonging to what is called the world of good company have been seen as he.

It need hardly be explained that there is no court-leaning in these *Memoirs* of the Reign of George the Third. The small patience with that sovereign which Horace Walpole possessed, evaporated shortly after the King's accession, bridal, and coronation, described with such airy brilliancy in the well-known Letters. But our writer's disposition to put an ill construction on every thing done at Court,—to represent it as the head-quarters of cautious intrigue and timid scandal, was not wholly political, perhaps. Personal considerations had some share in the antipathy. The episode of Walpole's life, which brought him into relation with the houses of Guelph and Mecklenburg, makes, what will appear to many, the most curious and special feature of these volumes. The present is a period when a tale of the left-handed marriage of a Prince of the Blood is sure to have many readers.

Horace Walpole was only on terms of

brotherly coldness with his elder brother, whom he describes in a passage worth giving as a character in little:—

" My brother Edward, father of the Duchess of Gloucester, and second son of Sir R. Walpole, Prime Minister to George I. and II., and afterwards Earl of Orford, was a man of excellent parts and numerous virtues; the first he buried in obscurity and retirement, the latter he never failed exerting. He had great natural eloquence, wit, humor even to admirable mimicry, uncommon sensibility, large generosity and charity. He drew well but seldom; was a profound musician, and even invented a most touching instrument, which, from the number of its strings, he called a *pentachord*. All these engaging qualities and talents, formed for splendor and society, were confined to inferior companions, for he neither loved the great world, nor was his temper suited to accommodate himself to it, for he was exceedingly passionate, jealous, and impatient of contradiction, though in his later years he acquired more mildness. He wrote several small pieces occasionally both in prose and verse, a very few of which were printed, but never with his name, for no name had less parade. In pathetic melancholy he chiefly shone, especially in his music, and yet, though his ear was all harmony, his verse was more replete with meaning than it was sonorous. His father he idolized; to his children he was magnificently liberal; to his friends, dependents, servants, profuse; and so far from arrogant to inferiors, he was over-ceremonious. This tribute to his virtues I pay with pleasure, and it may be credited, for to me he was never affectionate, though, but for one short period, we always lived on fair terms."

Sir Edward was the father of three daughters, Laura, Maria, and Charlotte. In the second, who was a natural daughter, Horace Walpole interested himself with proud and eager tenderness. The reader will not have forgotten his self-congratulation in the Mann Letters over the great match which he had "jumbled together" betwixt the beauty and the second Earl of Waldegrave, governor of George the Third when Prince of Wales.—"For character and credit" Walpole writes "he is the first match in England,—for beauty I think she is. . . . A warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity."—This was in 1759. Six years later the correspondence shows Horace no less eagerly interested in the widowhood of his favorite niece. His letters which give the account of Lord Walde-

grave's sudden illness, and her sorrow, are among the many which may be answered to those who have accused him of heartlessness. It was in 1772 that the Marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with Mrs. Horton, and rumors of a like transaction on the part of another of the King's brothers, the Duke of Gloucester, led to the introduction of "The Royal Marriage Bill." The details of the debates in these Memoirs are more full, it will readily be believed, than fair;—as a page or two, written in the bitterest of bitter ink, will prove:—

" Lord Hillsborough, a tragic scaramouch, did not yield to the Chancellor in blunders, while Lord Mansfield sat with every mark of vexation in his face at seeing his cobwebs brushed away by the awkwardness of his own instruments. Lord Camden, who had declared he would not attend the Committee, nor meddle with the botching of so bad a bill, made an oration that was allowed a masterpiece of eloquence and argument, even by his antagonists—except in their votes. Lord Temple, though less fine, was not less strong, and concluded with saying that, as he was connected with no man or men, so had he no enmity even to the Ministers, for whose miserable politics he felt a good-natured contempt. Lowth, Bishop of Oxford, confessed he could not reconcile the votes of his brethren to their profession, so abhorrent was the Bill from the doctrines of Christianity. His tremor from disuse of speaking made him deliver what he said with a bad grace. His old enemy Warburton, as ready to sacrifice his Christianity to his interest, as he had embraced it for his interest, replied to him in a style even ludicrous, and with so much indelicacy, that Lord Pembroke said the Bishop of Gloucester had said so much in behalf of fornication, that for the future he should go openly to a brothel with his own chariot and liveries. Keppel of Exeter voted in the minority, but did not speak; he, Lowth, and Ewers of Bangor, were the only three prelates who did not abandon all the doctrines of the Bible and of the Church on matrimony: and yet Lowth signed no protest; and though Ewers signed one, it was not the one that regarded the religious part. Thus within three weeks were the thirty-nine Articles affirmed, and the New Testament deserted! There was another incident in this debate, of which, though no reply was made to it, much notice was taken. The Duke of Richmond said that, though it was known that the Duke of Cumberland was actually married, and though universally believed that the Duke of Gloucester was so too, no communication of either match had been made

to that House—a great indecency, considering that, if there were children from either match, they might become entitled to the Crown. The Duke of Richmond had asked me if I should have any objection to his naming my niece Lady Waldegrave. I thanked him, but said it was impossible for me to give his Grace any answer, for, as I did not know whether she was married to the Duke of Gloucester or not, I could not tell whether the mention of her would serve or hurt her. As I did not know her mind, I could not tell whether she would like to be mentioned or not: were she *not* married, and the mention of it should bring that secret to light, I should ruin her by advising it, and therefore I begged to be excused from giving any opinion at all. Governor Pownall had come to me on the same occasion, and I had given him the same answer. Even with General Conway I would not talk on the subject; I told him he knew how little fond I was of Royal families, and how little desirous of being related to them; that I had done all I could to break off my niece's connection with the Duke of Gloucester, and that, not having succeeded, I had determined never to meddle with that affair more, and had strictly kept my resolution; that I knew, if he dissented from the bill, that it would be supposed I had influenced him, but, as I should declare I had not, I would have it to say with the utmost truth that I would not suffer even him to talk to me on the subject; and though, according to his custom, he was anxious that I should advise him what was proper for him to do with regard to his character, I persisted in not talking to him on the subject. All I would say, and which was not at all in character for me to say, was that I thought he should not offend the King if he could help it. When I would not go into the Court by the straight door, I was resolved nobody should even suspect that I wished to creep up by a private staircase. The majority was much increased on the 7th. Lord Mansfield had told the King that his Ministers were divided (in truth they were in their hearts unanimous against the bill), and that he must oblige them to support it heartily, or change his Administration. The advice was taken and succeeded. The King grew dictatorial, and all his creatures kissed the earth. It was given out that he would take a dissent on this bill as a personal affront—adieu! qualms, fears, and care of posterity!"

What we give next will be little more than extract:—

"Pall Mall, Tuesday Evening, May 19, 1772.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I owe it to you in friendship, and "our kindness to my children

gives you a kind of parental right to be informed of every event of consequence to them. I have this moment received an express from Lady Waldegrave, with the Duke of Gloucester's permission to acquaint me with their marriage, which was in 1766. The clergyman who I always thought married them called here this morning, but would not come up, as I had a good deal of company, but pressed to see Mrs. Clement, who was gone to Ham to Lord Dysart. He said he would come again to-morrow. I had not then received the express, but figured to myself that his visit was on account of the marriage, for I have no sort of acquaintance with him. I fancy he will be here to-morrow; and I suppose we are to settle what is proper to be done for the security and proof, for they will not yet awhile make it public, or she take the title; which, probably will be best till they have taken time to see what the K. will do in it. I think it incumbent upon me to communicate it to you as early as I know it myself; and am very affectionately yours, ED. WALPOLE. P.S. This is confusedly wrote, as I have people with me, and have just got her letter.—I was a good deal embarrassed at the receipt of this letter. I had opposed the match till I had found it was to no purpose; and had continued steadfastly to avoid having any hand in it. I was determined still not to avail myself of an alliance that I had condemned, nor to pay court to my niece when she had carried her point, since I had declined doing so while her situation was uncertain. On the other hand, as I concluded the Duke of Gloucester would be forbidden the Court, like the Duke of Cumberland, I had no sort of inclination to engage in a quarrel with the King and Queen in support of a cause that I had disapproved, especially as my taking part for my niece would seem to contradict all my declarations. I did not desire to be abandoned by all the world like the Luttrells, and reduced to live almost in solitude with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who would not love me for what was passed. Nor was I pleased with the Duke of Gloucester, who had recently mortified my particular friend, Sir Horace Mann, Resident at Florence, by unmerited slights. I determined, therefore, to act as neutral a part as I could, and at once decline all share in the honors or disgrace of my niece."

This marriage, which had taken place in the third year of the fair Maria's widowhood, was followed by many difficulties. The duchess, at first, behaved with engaging modesty; and the letter written by her to her father, in which she put an end to all doubt of the subject, is characterized by her

uncle, "as great, pathetic, severe; the language of Virtue in the mouth of Love." She only, so the epistle ran, was anxious to determine a position equivocal and embarrassing—desired to bear no other name than that of Lady Waldegrave: for "If ever I am unfortunate enough to be called Duchess of Gloucester (she wrote) there is an end of *almost* all the comforts which I now enjoy." But these good resolutions had somewhat of "the poppy" (to use the poet's simile) in them:—

"She wrote a letter to her sister Dysart that did not breathe total self-denial. That she recounted with pleasure the magnificent presents the Duke had brought her was natural, was not to be blamed. Other expressions intimated further views. She desired her sister to make confidences of her marriage to persons likely not to keep the secret—nor was even this faulty. The vindication of her character justified her eagerness to have the secret, so long and painfully concealed, known. She acquainted Lady Dysart with the Duke's intention of having a levee, which he had never practised, and requested her sister to publish that intention. Of the King, she said, 'he seems not to have courage enough to be angry with the Duke, but he will wound him in the dark, though he dare do no more.' Her letter concluded with desiring Lady Dysart to omit the word *Dowager* in the subscription of her letters, which, said Lady Waldegrave, I cannot bear! These symptoms convinced me that the natural ambition of her temper would not long be smothered. Lady Waldegrave, with many and grave virtues, was impetuous, and from her childhood ambitious. While a girl, she had often said she would be a lady. Her father, to correct her, asked her 'How that could be, for she was a beggar?'—Then,' said she, 'I will be a lady-beggar.'"

What relations on both sides were to do, shortly became a question of considerable delicacy. The King—yet more the Queen—(to whose covert influence Walpole ascribes many of the vexations which followed) were from first to last reluctant, sullen, and determined, even after proofs positive had been afforded them, to ignore the whole connection. By the secrecy with which the marriage had been accomplished (without witnesses), the ambitious woman perilled seriously the chance of her children being pronounced legitimate. Royalty, at all events, would have nothing to do with them; and was literally coerced (we are following the story as related here) into sending such official witnesses as were indis-

pensable at a Royal childbirth. When a small Princess, the child of the pair, died, she was not to lie in any Royal vault; so that, in aggravation, her father chose to purvey one for himself in St. George's Chapel, and curious (to bystanders of this period) seem his fightings and fencings on the subject with Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, who was Duchess Maria's brother-in-law—having married Lady Laura Waldegrave, her elder sister. Little less curious, to any one watching the ways and turns of womankind, is the openly-expressed resolution of the Duchess of Gloucester to have as little as possible to do with "that Duchess of Cumberland"—a lady precisely situated like herself. The Court seems to have played "off" and played "on" this antipathy, and to have hurt and ground one brother by patronizing the other—according to Walpole.

On the *subject side* of the connection, matters did not move much more easily. Duchess Maria seems to have kept a peculiar corner of gratitude for her uncle, who, in his turn, appears to have been able to think for both of them. In all such mixed marriages the question arises *what is to become of the relations?*—As a comment on this, the following scene is, among scenes in memoirs, next to incomparable. Horace Walpole had held himself apart—though, by the way, it may be suggested there is a curious blank in his memoirs and letters as to his cognizance of the Duke of Gloucester's advances and proceedings till he was bid by her to come and rejoice in the brightening prospects of his favorite:—

"I went directly and found her alone; she received me with the greatest kindness, and insisted on my treating her as familiarly as ever. The first time I saw her, in July, she had refused to let me kiss her hand, and embraced me. She told me now the Duke thought we should like better to talk the whole over, and then would come to me. She said they had found so many difficulties in her situation that they could go on no longer; that the Duke had tried in vain to bring the King to talk on it; that he owed it to his brother the Duke of Cumberland to own his marriage; and that she could sign no paper legally, not even for receiving her jointure from Lord Waldegrave, but by her real name, Gloucester; and *à propos*, she asked me if I did not approve her signing *Maria Gloucester*, instead of simply *Maria*, in the royal style; for, said she, modestly, 'there was a time

when I had no right to any name but Maria.' She said the King had told Mr. Legrand that he had not thought they were married; and on Legrand's urging the publicity of her letter to her father, the King said he had heard it, but did not believe what the servants said. He added, that as nobody knew of this notification but he and Legrand, it might still remain undeclared; and Legrand saying that was impossible, the King begged the Duke would take time. Legrand went away, and, returning the next morning, told the King the Duke had taken a day to consider, but could not alter his resolution. The King cried, and protested he had not slept all night, and had not told the Queen, which seemed to be true, for Her Majesty coming into the room just then, he called Legrand into the garden. There he asked him, if he should forgive his brother, what he should say to his children if they had a mind to marry ill. Legrand put him in mind that the Marriage Bill would prevent that. He still talked of not seeing the Duke, though he said it should not be forever: he should be miserable never to see that brother again whom he loved; but he had never loved Harry. Legrand begged him not to push the Duke too far; he did not know what might be the consequence. The Opposition might bring the affair into Parliament; the Duke might resign his regiment. The King said, God forbid! he could not bear that, but he did not mind what the Opposition could do. The Duchess said the Queen had owned that, when the late Princess Dowager heard of the Duke of Cumberland's marriage and the Duke of Gloucester's danger, she had said to the King that, if William died, she insisted on his never forgiving Harry, though she did afterwards forgive him herself before she died. The Duke of Cumberland had just been to see her, which she said the Duke of Gloucester would return by visiting the Duchess of Cumberland, but did not talk directly of her seeing the latter. As I was determined to be very cautious till I knew the Duke better, I would not advise it, though I thought it wrong that they did not meet. She said the Duke of Cumberland had protested he had suffered very much for the three last days, though he had never cared about himself. I said, the common idea was that the King would forgive him, if he would give up the Duchess. 'Pho!' replied she, 'he is eager to get back to Court, and the King has a letter from him to tell him so.' She said she was content to live in the country, and go nowhere; she should only be hated if she appeared at Court. She thought the King now would take no notice (which I doubt), or, at most, forbid the foreign Ministers to visit them. The Duke, she said, would not

deal with the Opposition unless the Courts persecuted him and her. I begged her to dissuade him from that. I said she knew I had long been inclined to the Opposition (which, I believe, was one great cause of the Duke's coldness to me), but that I never would give her advice that I thought against her interest, however it might suit my inclinations; that she was now a Princess of the blood, and that their interest was inseparable from the Crown, and that I thought she ought, by patience and submission, to endeavor to reconcile the King to them.

"I asked her if she approved my asking leave to see the Duke before I came? She said, Yes; that she had intended to bid her sister Dysart tell me to come, but the Duke had said it was best to wait and see if I would offer to come. This showed he thought I neglected him. I said, I hoped she knew me too well to suspect I would desert her in her distress; and I told her, at the same time, I should desire Lord Hertford to acquaint the King that I forebore to pay my duty to His Majesty out of respect, as I could not suppose the sight of our family would be agreeable to him just now; that I could not but be sensible of the honor the Duke had done our family, and concluded His Majesty could not expect that her own family would give her up. She approved my conduct, and I shall add presently the letter I wrote. She said the only thing that wounded her was to part with her children by Lord Waldegrave; that she had struggled long, but the Duke had said he could not live with another man's children; that indeed it would scarce be parting with them; that she should take a house for them at Windsor, but four miles from St. Leonard's Hill, and that she should see them oftener than she did now; that one or other of them would always be with her, and that she should give up for the maintenance of them and a proper governess the £1,000 a year she received for their education; and that to her great comfort Lady Laura, the eldest, was old enough and reasonable enough to comprehend the necessity of what she was doing. She said what made her most doubt the King's forgiving them easily was the aversion he would have to ask of Parliament proper jointures for her and the Duchess of Cumberland. The Duke of Gloucester then came in: I knelt and kissed his hand; he would have had me to keep my seat on the sofa by the Duchess, which I declining, he drew an armchair for me, and made me sit. He entered on the reasons that had determined him to notify his marriage to the King, which were on the Duchess's account chiefly, and in justice to his brother. He was very civil, though a little awkward, but I believe would have

been more familiar if I had not behaved with the utmost respect, saying absolutely nothing after I had told him how extremely sensible I was of the honor he had done my niece and the whole family, and how noble I thought his justice to the Duchess. He sought several topics of conversation, and asked me if the King and Queen had been to see my house, as he had heard they intended. I confined myself to monosyllables, that he might not think I assumed the familiarity of a near relation, and made a sign to the Duchess to know when it was proper for me to go away, which she would not let me do. In a few minutes more the Duke, finding I would not be free with him, got up, and said he would go take a ride. The Duchess chid me for my respectfulness, and said it had distressed the Duke, but we should be better acquainted another time. I said I would conform to what I should find agreeable to him, but would take no liberties of myself. In truth, I knew he thought me so anti-monarchic that any freedom at first would have prejudiced him more against me, as supposing I made too light of princes; but though I would never flatter, court, or ask a favor of them, I always piqued myself, when with them, on showing them I knew the distance between them and me. It were a want of sense and good breeding to behave otherwise."

Almost the very next page (note inclusive) is not less remarkable.—

"On the 25th the Duchess of Gloucester came to me. She and the Duchess of Cumberland had met, but in visits most formal and ceremonious.* My niece asked me to meet her at her sister Dysart's at Ham, which seemed to mark the Duke neither intended her relations should come to him nor go to them; and Lady Dysart afterwards told me he declared he came to her, not to her Lord. Many instances of his high spirit broke out and made me tremble for his wife. While she was with me I showed her a painted pane of glass, with her and Lord Waldegrave's arms. I asked her if I should have it altered and add the Duke's arms too. She cried out, 'Oh! he will not bear to have my arms

* "The Duchess of Cumberland proposed to the Duchess of Gloucester to take a box at the opera together, which the latter declined, and said to me upon the proposal, with wit, 'No, I could not go and smell at the same nosegay with her in public; alluding to King Usher and King Physician in 'The Rehearsal.'"

placed with his.'—I replied, 'Why, they must be on your coach.'—She said, 'No; the Queen's arms were never joined with the King's.' I desired her to look at the Queen's coach, where she would find they were. These symptoms of his temper did not make me more pleased with the match. However, I said nothing to her, but persuaded her to take all manner of ways to reconcile herself to the King, that she might obtain a jointure, I dreading the prospect for her, considering the precarious state of the Duke's health, and shocked at what they had told me, that one reason for their owning their marriage had been that, as he was extremely in debt, he could not borrow money but on their joint lives. What was to become of her (should he die), with no jointure from him, liable to his debts, and having nothing but her jointure of £1,000 a year from Lord Waldegrave?"

"High spirit, truly!" Later pages of these Memoirs tell how the "high spirit" aforesaid almost walked upon its lowly knees to have its debts paid,—to find sustenance when health failed it,—to solicit means to go abroad—when the strangely regulated marriage failed to ensure (as Dr. Watts sings) 'peace at home.' Throughout the entire maze of these transactions, however, Walpole seems to have behaved loyally and uprightly—times and antecedents considered—both to his relative and to himself. His confessions and notes on the subject—though not unquestionable as evidence—make a curious and significant sequel to the Hervey Memoirs, and can never be overlooked by any one desiring to write the history of the House under whose rule and governance we have the good fortune now to live.

There is no leaving this first volume of these new Memoirs without a word concerning the manner in which they are edited. They have been obviously carefully read and well meditated. A volume of good stories appears in the notes. If any objection can be found to Dr. Doran's editorship, it is that found with Cowley's wit: "He would have pleased us more had he pleased us less." The notes are in fact over rich—and therefore trench perhaps on our enjoyment of the text.

From The Critic.

LORD DUNDONALD IN SOUTH AMERICAN WATERS.

Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru, and Brazil, from Spanish and Portuguese Domination. By Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, K.C.B. London : J. Ridgway.

As long as Englishmen shall continue to take interest in the exploits of the naval heroes of Great Britain, the name of Lord Dundonald—as Lord Cochrane we know him best—will never be forgotten. It carries us back to the most glorious days of our naval supremacy; when steam was not, and our ships were lumbering and ill-built, and nothing but hard fighting won the day. It is wonderful that this great sailor of the days when our seamen wore pigtails should be still among us, able to write with a vigorous pen this interesting chapter of his long eventful life. More than seventy years have passed since he first entered our navy. He was a sailor before Nelson or Howe or Jervis had won their laurels; when the great Napoleon was an obscure *sous-officier*; and the ancient French monarchy was still unshaken. He is old enough to have conversed with old General Oglethorpe, who was born in the year of our King James' abdication, and who fought under Marlborough in the days of Queen Anne. It is just sixty years since his dashing exploit off Cabritta Point first made his name known, and exactly half a century since his daring and most famous achievement in commanding the fire-ships which destroyed the French vessels of war in the Basque Roads. If a career so long and so distinguished has not been unchequered by painful circumstances, it is on the other hand not the least pleasing fact in Lord Dundonald's career that he has lived to see the calumnies once successfully heaped upon him altogether removed—that he has received a measure of justice which though tardy was happily not too late—and that he has now, and while still in the possession of bodily and intellectual vigor, received back all those honors which were so hardly earned, and so unjustly taken from him.

It was while under this temporary disgrace in the year 1817, that the Spanish government, then in trouble with its rebellious colonies in South America, made him an offer of high command in their navy which Lord Cochrane declined. He was not inclined for that inactivity to which his own countrymen had con-

demned him; but his sword was not the weapon of a mere Swiss or "Free Lance." His desire was to join what he called the "Crusade of Liberty," either in the cause of Greece or of the South American people against their Spanish and Portuguese oppressors; and he accordingly accepted an offer from the new revolutionary government of Chili, and, in spite of threats of prosecution from our Government, set sail with Lady Cochrane to take his command of the few ships which formed the Chilian navy. It was a critical time for Chili; for the Spaniards had the command of the Pacific, and had a naval force at Callao of considerable strength. The fame of Lord Cochrane as a daring commander was known throughout the world, and the people of Valparaiso received him with delight.

"Our reception, both from the authorities and the people, was enthusiastic, the supreme director, General O'Higgins, coming from the seat of government, Santiago, to welcome us. This excellent man was the son of an Irish gentleman of distinction in the Spanish service, who had occupied the important position of Viceroy of Peru. The son had, however, joined the patriots, and whilst second in command had not long before inflicted a signal defeat upon the Spaniards in the interior; in reward for which service the gratitude of the nation had elevated him to the Supreme Directorate. A variety of *fêtes* was given at Valparaiso in honor of our arrival, these being prolonged for so many days as to amount to a waste of time. The same scenes were, however, re-enacted at the distant capital whither the Supreme Director insisted on taking us, till I had to remind his Excellency that our purpose was rather fighting than feasting. Nevertheless, the reception we had met impressed me with so high a sense of Chilian hospitality, that, heartbroken as I had been by the infamous persecution which had driven me from the British navy, I decided upon Chili as my future home: this decision, however, being only an exemplification of the proverb '*L'homme propose—Dieu dispose.*'"

The "Chilian Navy" consisted of about half a dozen carrying from sixteen to fifty-six guns; but the jealousies of the inferior officers, and the intrigues and machinations of a dishonest government, were far more serious obstacles to success. Nevertheless the British admiral hoisted his flag and put to sea, determined to do something. An incident of his departure must not be unquoted:—

"Lady Cochrane, with her children, had re-

turned from Santiago to Valparaiso, to take leave of me on embarkation. She had just gone ashore, and the last gun had been fired to summon all hands on board, when, hearing a loud *hurrah* near the house where she resided, she went to the window and saw our little boy—now Lord Cochrane, but then scarcely more than five years old—mounted on the shoulders of my flag-lieutenant, waving his tiny cap over the heads of the people, and crying out with all his might, ‘*Viva la patria!*’ the mob being in a frenzied state of excitement. The child had slipped out of Lady Cochrane’s house with the officer insisting on being carried to his father; with which request the lieutenant, nothing loth, complied. To the horror of Lady Cochrane, she saw her boy hurried down to the beach amidst the shouts of the multitude, and before she could interfere, placed in a boat and rowed off to the flag-ship, which was at the time under weigh, so that he could not be sent ashore again; there being no alternative but to take him with us, though without clothes—which were afterwards made for him by the sailors—and with no other attendance save that which their rough but kindly natures could administer.

With his small squadron he immediately attacked the Spanish force of more than four times his number and sheltered under batteries, and, although compelled to retire, the enemy did not in his astonishment venture to follow him:—

“In this action my little boy had a narrow escape. As the story has been told by several Chilian writers somewhat incorrectly, I will recapitulate the circumstances. When the firing commenced, I had placed the boy in my after-cabin, locking the door upon him; but not liking the restriction, he contrived to get through the quarter gallery window, and joined me on deck, refusing to go down again. As I could not attend to him, he was permitted to remain, and, in a miniature midshipman’s uniform, which the seamen had made for him, was busying himself in handing powder to the gunners. Whilst thus employed, a round shot took off the head of a marine close to him, scattering the unlucky man’s brains in his face. Instantly recovering his self-possession, to my great relief, for believing him killed, I was spell-bound with agony, he ran up to me exclaiming, ‘I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me; Jack says, the ball is not made that can kill mamma’s boy.’ I ordered him to be carried below; but resisting with all his might, he was permitted to remain on deck during the action. Our loss in this affair was trifling, considering that we were under the fire of more than two hundred guns;

but the ships were so placed that the enemy’s frigates lay between us and the fortress, so that the shot of the latter only told upon our rigging, which was considerably damaged. The action having been commenced in a fog, the Spaniards imagined that all the Chilian vessels were engaged, and were not a little surprised, as it again cleared, to find that their own frigate, the quondam *Maria Isabella*, was their only opponent. So much were they dispirited by this discovery, that as soon as possible after the close of the contest, their ships of war were dismantled, the topmasts and spars being formed into a double boom across the anchorage so as to prevent approach.”

After flying about the coast for a short time, making prizes and inflicting various injuries upon the Spaniards, the Admiral determined to make another attempt upon their stronghold at Callao, which became one of the most celebrated of his deeds in that region. The design was to cut out the *Esmeralda* frigate from under the very guns of the batteries, and also to seize another ship containing a million of dollars; the admiral being of opinion that if such a display of power were manifested, the Spaniards would either surrender the capital or abandon it:—

“The enterprise was hazardous, for since my former visit the enemy’s position had been much strengthened, no less than three hundred pieces of artillery being mounted on shore, whilst the *Esmeralda* was crowded with the best sailors and marines that could be procured, these sleeping every night at quarters. She was, moreover, defended by a strong boom with chain moorings, and by armed blockships, the whole being surrounded by twenty-seven gun-boats, so that no ship could possibly get at her.”

Lord Dundonald thus describes this celebrated expedition:—

“A hundred and sixty seamen and eighty marines were selected, and after dark were placed in fourteen boats alongside the flag-ship, each man armed with cutlass and pistol, being, for distinction’s sake, dressed in white, with a blue band on the left arm. The Spaniards I expected would be off their guard, as, by way of *ruse*, the other ships had been sent out of the bay under the charge of Captain Foster, as though in pursuit of some vessels in the offing, so that the Spaniards would consider themselves safe from attack for that night. At ten o’clock all was in readiness, the boats being formed in two divisions, the first commanded by my flag-captain Crosbie, and the second by Captain Guise, my boat

leading. The strictest silence, and the exclusive use of cutlasses, were enjoined; so that, as the oars were muffled, and the night dark, the enemy had not the least suspicion of the impending attack. It was just upon midnight when we neared the small opening left in the boom, our plan being well-nigh frustrated by the vigilance of a guard-boat, upon which my launch had luckily stumbled. The challenge was given, upon which, in an undertone, I threatened the occupants of the boat with instant death if they made the least alarm. No reply was made to the threat, and in a few minutes our gallant fellows were alongside the frigate in line, boarding at several points simultaneously. The Spaniards were completely taken by surprise—the whole, with the exception of the sentries, being asleep at their quarters—and great was the havoc made amongst them by the Chileno cutlasses whilst they were recovering themselves. Retreating to the forecastle, they there made a gallant stand, and it was not until the third charge that the position was carried. The fight was for a short time renewed on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish marines fell to a man, the rest of the enemy leaping overboard and into the hold to escape slaughter. On boarding the ship by the main chains I was knocked back by the butt end of the sentry's musket, and, falling on a thole pin of the boat, it entered my back near the spine, inflicting a severe injury, which caused me many years of subsequent suffering. Immediately regaining my footing I re-ascended the side, and when on deck, was shot through the thigh; but binding a handkerchief tightly round the wound, managed, though with great difficulty, to direct the contest to its close. The whole affair, from beginning to end, occupied only a quarter of an hour, our loss being eleven killed and thirty wounded, whilst that of the Spaniards was a hundred and sixty, many of whom fell under the cutlasses of the Chilenos before they could stand to their arms. Greater bravery I never saw displayed than that of our gallant fellows. Before boarding, the duties of all had been appointed, and a party was told off to take possession of the tops. We had not been on deck a minute when I hailed the foretop, and was instantly answered by our own men, an equally prompt answer being returned from the frigate's maintop. No British man-of-war's crew could have excelled this minute attention to orders. The uproar speedily alarmed the garrison, who, hastening to their guns, opened fire on their own frigate, thus paying us the compliment of having taken it; though, even in this case, their own men must still have been on board, so that firing on them was a wanton proceeding, as several Spaniards were killed or wounded by the shot of the fortress, and amongst the wounded was

Captain Coig, the commander of the Esmeralda, who, after he was made prisoner, received a severe contusion by a shot from his own party. The fire from the fortress was, however, neutralized by a successful expedient. There were two foreign ships of war present during the contest—the United States frigate Macedonian, and the British frigate Hyperion; and these, as previously agreed on with the Spanish authorities in case of a night attack, hoisted peculiar lights as signals to prevent being fired upon. This contingency being provided for by us, as soon as the fortress commenced its fire on the Esmeralda we also ran up similar lights, so that the garrison became puzzled which vessel to fire at; the intended mischief thus involving the Hyperion and the Macedonian, which were several times struck, the Esmeralda being comparatively untouched. Upon this the neutral frigates cut their cables and moved away; whilst Captain Guise, contrary to my orders, cut the Esmeralda's cables also, so that there was nothing to be done but to loose her topsails and follow, the fortress then ceasing its fire. My orders were *not* to cut the cables of the Esmeralda; but, after taking her, to capture the Maypu, a brig of war previously taken from Chili, and then to attack and cut adrift every ship near, there being plenty of time before us, no doubt existing but that when the Esmeralda was taken, the Spaniards would desert the other ships as fast as their boats would permit them, so that the whole might either have been captured or burned. To this end all my previous plans had been arranged; but, on being placed *hors de combat* by my wounds, Captain Guise, on whom the command of the prize devolved, chose to interpose his own judgment, and content himself with the Esmeralda alone, cutting her cables without my orders; the reason assigned being that the English had broken into her spirit-room and were getting drunk, whilst the Chilenos were disorganized by plundering."

The "cutting out" of the Esmeralda has always been considered as one of the most dashing of the admiral's many exploits of the kind: but Lord Cochrane was an amphibious warrior, and was as little afraid of land fortifications as of fire-ships and wooden walls. Next in importance among his deeds in this part of the world was his capture of Valdivia—a place of immense strength guarded by a numerous garrison of Spanish troops, and only to be approached from the sea by a long and narrow channel, commanded by fortifications crossing their fire in all directions. To land here except at one small spot was impossible, by reason of the surf; but the admiral

determined to attack the place with the ridiculously small number of about three hundred men; with these, keeping strictly his own counsel, he set sail, the expedition consisting of only three ships. His officers were brave men, and when, fairly at sea, he communicated to them his plans, they displayed "great eagerness in the cause—alone questioning their success from motives of prudence." But Lord Cochrane's maxim was that *unexpected* projects, if energetically put in execution, almost invariably succeed in spite of odds. The expedition, however, very nearly came to a premature end. The flagship, while in command of an inferior officer, ran upon the sharp edge of a rock, where she lay beating, suspended as it were upon her keel. After a panic, an address from the Admiral, and immense labor the ship was got off but with such a leak that it was only by incessant working at the pumps that she could be kept from foundering, they being more than forty miles from shore, and the two other ships out of sight. The admiral, however, determined to go on. The powder magazine had been under water, and the ammunition of every kind, except a little upon deck and in the cartouche-boxes of the troops, was rendered useless; but about this, says Lord Dundonald, I cared little, as it involved the necessity of using the bayonet in our anticipated attack; and to facing this weapon the Spaniards had, in every case, evinced a rooted aversion. At length their destination was reached, and the hero of the expedition thus continues his narrative. They had reached the only landing place:—

"It was to this landing place that we first directed our attention, anchoring the brig and schooner off the guns of Fort Ingles, on the afternoon of February 3rd amidst a swell which rendered immediate disembarkation impracticable. The troops were carefully kept below; and, to avert the suspicion of the Spaniards, we had trumped up a story of our having just arrived from Cadiz, and being in want of a pilot; upon which they told us to send a boat for one. To this we replied that our boats had been washed away in the passage round Cape Horn. Not being quite satisfied, they began to assemble troops at the landing place, firing alarm guns, and rapidly bringing up the garrisons of the western forts to Fort Ingles, but not molesting us. Unfortunately for the credit of the story about the loss of the boats, which were at the time carefully concealed under the lee

of the vessels, one drifted astern, so that our object became apparent, and the guns of Fort Ingles, under which we lay, forthwith opened upon us, the first shots passing through the sides of the Intrepido and killing two men, so that it became necessary to land in spite of the swell. We had only two launches and a gig, into which I entered to direct the operation, Major Miller, with forty-four maxines, pushing off in the first launch, under the fire of the party at the landing place, by which the coxswain being wounded, the Major had to take the helm, and whilst doing this, received a ball through his hat, grazing the crown of his head. Ordering a few only of his party to fire, the whole leaped ashore at the landing place, driving the Spaniards before them at the point of the bayonet. The second launch now pushed off from the Intrepido, and, in this way, in less than an hour, three hundred men had made good their footing on shore. The most difficult task—the capture of the forts—was to come; the only way in which the first, Fort Ingles, could be approached being by a precipitous path, along which the men could only pass in single file; the fort itself being inaccessible except by a ladder, which the enemy, after being routed by Major Miller, had been drawn up. As soon as it was dark a picked party, under the guidance of one of the Spanish prisoners, silently advanced to the attack, expecting to fall in with a body of the enemy outside the fort, but all having re-entered, our men were unopposed. This party having taken up its position, the main body moved forward, cheering and firing in the air, to intimate to the Spaniards that their chief reliance was on the bayonet. The enemy, meanwhile, kept up an incessant fire of artillery and musketry in the direction of the shouts, but without effect, as no aim could be taken in the dark. Whilst the patriots were thus noisily advancing, a gallant young officer, Ensign Vidal—who had previously distinguished himself at Santagot under the inland flank of the fort, and with a few men contrived unperceived to tear up some pallisades, by which a bridge was made across the ditch, whereby he and his small party entered and formed noiselessly under cover of some branches of trees which overhung it, the garrison directing their whole attention to the shouting patriots in an opposite direction. A volley from Vidal's party convinced the Spaniards that they had been taken in flank. Without waiting to ascertain the number of those who had outflanked them they instantly took to flight, filling with a like panic a column of three hundred men, drawn up behind the fort. The Chilians, who were now well up, bayoneted them by dozens, in their efforts to gain the other forts, which were open to receive them; the patriots thus

entering at the same time, and driving them from fort to fort into the Castle of Corral, together with two hundred more, who had abandoned some guns advantageously placed on a height at Fort Chorocomayo. The Corral was stormed with equal rapidity, a number of the enemy escaping in boats to Valdivia, others plunging into the forest, whilst upwards of a hundred, besides officers, fell into our hands, the like number being found bayoneted on the following morning. Our loss was seven men killed and nineteen wounded. The Spaniards had, no doubt, regarded their position as impregnable, which, considering its difficulty of access and almost natural impenetrability, it ought to have been if properly defended. They had only found out their error when too late, thus justifying my former remark to the military officers, that an attack where least expected is almost invariably crowned with success. Much less had the Spaniards calculated on a night attack, the most favorable of all to the attacking party, as necessitating unity of action, and the least favorable of all to the party attacked, as inspiring doubt and panic, almost certain to end in irresolution and defeat. The garrison consisted of the Cantabria regiment of the line, numbering about eight hundred, with whom was associated a militia of upwards of a thousand. . . . The booty which fell into our hands, exclusive of the value of the forts and public buildings, was considerable, Valdivia being the chief military dépôt in the southern part of the continent. Amongst the military stores were upwards of one thousand cwt. of gunpowder; ten thousand cannon shot, of which two thousand five hundred were brass; one hundred and seventy thousand musket cartridges; a large quantity of small arms; one hundred and twenty-eight guns, of which fifty-three were brass, and the remainder iron; the ship Dolores, afterwards sold at Valparaiso for twenty thousand dollars, with public stores, also sold for the like value; and plate, of which General Sanchez had previously stripped the churches of Concepcion, valued at sixteen thousand dollars."

The Chilians, late so despondent, had now no longer any thing to fear of Spanish power: but the successful admiral met with but little gratitude. His prize-money was withheld, his crew unclothed and starved, and left for twelve months unpaid, and he himself made the victim of numberless intrigues instigated by petty jealousy. Ashore, lawlessness and violence made Chili no pleasant place for Lady Cochrane,—she had retired into the interior on account of ill health, where she narrowly escaped being seized by the Royalists, by a precipitate flight. The warning of

her danger reached her at a ball. Instantly placing her child in a palanquin, with its nurse, she changed her dress, and started on horseback at night, protected by a guard. The narrative of her flight is interesting:—

"Travelling all night and the following day without intermission, the party came to one of those swollen torrents which can only be crossed by a frail bridge made of cane rope, a proceeding of extreme danger to those who are not well accustomed to the motion produced by its elasticity. Whilst the party was debating as to how to get the palanquin over, the sound of a Royalist bugle was heard close at hand. Lady Cochrane sprang to the palanquin, and, taking out her suffering infant, rushed on to the bridge, but when near the centre, the vibration became so great that she was compelled to lie down, pressing the child to her bosom—being thus suspended over the foaming torrent beneath, whilst in its state of vibration no one could venture on the bridge. In this perilous situation Pedro, the faithful soldier of whom mention has been previously made, seeing the imminent danger of her Ladyship, begged of her to lie still, and as the vibration ceased, crept on his hands and knees towards her Ladyship, taking from her the child, and imploring her to remain motionless, when he would bring her over in the same way; but no sooner had he taken the child than she followed, and happily succeeded in crossing, when the ropes being cut, the torrent was interposed between her and her pursuers."

Lady Cochrane was, however, no drawing-room lady of delicate nerves, though perhaps a little less accustomed than her gallant husband to the smoke and roar of sea-battle. Here is a picture of her, amid a scene which few ladies have taken part in:—

"Having reached the coast in safety, Lady Cochrane came down to me at Callao. Whilst she was on board I received private information that a ship of war laden with treasure was about to make her escape in the night. There was no time to be lost, as the enemy's vessel was such an excellent sailor that, if once under weigh, beyond the reach of shot, there was no chance of capturing her. I therefore determined to attack her, so that Lady Cochrane had only escaped one peril ashore to be exposed to another afloat. Having beat to quarters, we opened fire upon the treasure ship and other hostile vessels in the anchorage, the batteries and gun-boats returning our fire, Lady Cochrane remaining on deck during the conflict. Seeing a gunner hesitate to fire his gun, close to which she was standing, and imagining that his hesita-

tion from her proximity might, if observed, expose him to punishment, she seized the man's arm, and directing the match fired the gun. The effort was, however, too much for her, as she immediately fainted and was carried below. The treasure vessel having been crippled, and the gun-boats beaten off, we left off firing and returned to our former anchorage, Lady Cochrane again coming on deck. As soon as the sails were furled, the men in the tops and the whole crew on deck, no doubt by preconcerted arrangement, spontaneously burst forth with the inspiring strains of their national anthem."

Disgusted with Chilian ingratitude the gallant admiral, after taking an active part in the operations by which Peru was "liberated," accepted the command of the Brazilian navy, still carrying on the "Crusade of Liberty." But the Brazilians he found no more grateful than other South Americans. The meanness, the frauds, and prevarications of the various revolutionary governments filled him with disgust, and after nearly seven years' service, during which he had been mainly instrumental in the total overthrow of Spanish and Portuguese domination throughout the South American continent, he returned to England—with nothing but a name renowned

for daring deeds of seamanship—for not even the prize-money to which he was entitled was ever paid. The liberation of Chili and Peru, says Lord Dundonald, "was achieved at a heavy pecuniary sacrifice to myself." It was not till after thirty years that the Chilian government voted him six thousand pounds in full of all claims, a sum which did not amount to one-third of the expense to which the admiral was subjected on his return to England from the litigation in which he was involved on account of the seizure of vessels under the orders of the Chilian government.

Lord Dundonald promises, if his life be spared a little longer, to add to these memoirs a narrative of his earlier services in the British navy—a history not only of what he did, but of what, being no Tory in the days when Toryism was the only good thing, he was "not permitted to effect." As Englishmen this concerns us more closely than the subject matter of these two volumes. There are chapters in the great book of British naval heroism which, if not written by this brave old seaman, must be lost forever; and we shall, therefore, look forward with interest to the fulfilment of this promise.

THE great literary event of the day is the quarrel between Charles Dickens and his publishers, Messrs. Bradbury & Evans. The latter, who are also the proprietors of *Punch*, refused to publish in that periodical the "personal statement" made by Mr. Dickens about his separation from his wife which you will recollect, and showed themselves in other ways inimical to him. Mr. Dickens has consequently determined to break off all connection with them, to remove his existing works out of their hands, not to let them have any thing to do with his new books, and to annul the partnership existing between him and them in "Household Words." This will be an unspeakable loss to Bradbury & Evans as Dickens was their trump card. *Punch* is now not much good, and Thackeray, their next best, is rapidly going down hill as a saleable writer. His "Virginians" has a very small sale—so small that from sheer shame he actually returns some of the stipulated sum paid him by the publishers. The trial brought by Edmund Yates against the Garrick Club for illegally expelling him, as an act of servile flunkeyism to Thackeray, comes on the beginning of next month. In legal circles there is no doubt of Yates' success. The trial will be before Lord Campbell, and Edwin James, the queen's counsel, will represent Yates. It is said he intends to put Thackeray

into the witness box; and, if so, the charming Titmarsh may expect a ferocious mauling.—*Home Journal*.

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."—It is said that the author of "Sweet Home," J. Howard Payne, whose song has been sung all over the world, was himself a wanderer in life, and never had a home. He was at one time Consul to Tunis, and was a man of fine conversational powers. A friend of his records that he gave a history of his wanderings, his trials and all cares incident to his sensitive nature and to poverty. "How often," said he, once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing, "Sweet Home," without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. His wish was realized. He died at Tunis.

From The Economist.

Inquiry into the Evidence relating to the Charges brought by Lord Macaulay against William Penn. By John Paget, Barrister-at-Law. Blackwood and Co.

It was perhaps not to be wondered at that Lord Macaulay should, in the first volumes and in the first edition of his history, have brought charges against William Penn, which more careful inquiry proved to be unfounded, and which on their original promulgation struck every reader as wholly irreconcileable with the established character of the celebrated Quaker and philanthropist;—for few writers are always accurate, and accuracy never was Lord Macaulay's *forte*. Neither perhaps was it to be wondered at that Lord Macaulay should have painted the object of his accusation in colors so brilliantly and gaudily black;—for it is his nature, and it forms one of the principal, though one of the least defensible, attractions of his style, to deal habitually, like Caravaggio, in the darkest shadows and the most startling and dazzling lights. But it is difficult to account for the peculiarly vicious and almost malignant *animus* which the historian manifests whenever the name of William Penn appears upon his pages,—an *animus* scarcely warranted by his own accusations, even had they been correct, and resembling the persistent hatred with which men usually pursue only their own most personal and bitterest foes. For some reason or other—but certainly for some reason which does not appear, and which we shall not condescend to conjecture—Lord Macaulay had evidently set himself to the task of blackening Penn's character by every means which research, omission, paraphrase, and misconstruction could supply to a writer of his uncommon powers, and discharged this task with the completeness, energy, and *gusto* which we bestow only upon labors of love.

Still more difficult it is to account for the historian's persistence in these charges long after the errors into which he had fallen, the misreadings into which he had suffered himself to be betrayed, and the worthlessness of the evidence on which he had relied, had been pointed out to him and placed beyond reasonable doubt. At least, it is difficult to account for this persistence without having recourse to the supposition of motives too unworthy to influence a great man, and too

mean and low to influence an honest man. Almost immediately on the first appearance of those fascinating volumes which were to convey to millions of passive and believing minds accusations of guilt and baseness against a character hitherto thought to be one of the brightest and purest in English history—accusations which probably no subsequent defence or recantation will now be able to wipe out—Mr. W. E. Forster first, in a convincing pamphlet, and, following him, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in an elaborate life of Penn, after a careful examination of the documentary and other evidence on which Lord Macaulay had relied, showed that no one of the charges could be maintained—that for some there was absolutely no foundation—and that the materials on which others were grounded had been altogether misquoted or misconceived. There were few even of Lord Macaulay's friends—fewer still, if any, of the general public—whom these refutations did not altogether satisfy. Yet edition after edition was suffered by the author to appear, containing the questioned and refuted charges, deliberately and silently reiterated; and not till the year just closed did he deign to take the slightest notice of the proofs and defences which had been submitted to his consideration. In the last edition, however, he has inserted a long note, in which he replies to the arguments and evidence adduced by Mr. W. E. Forster and Mr. Dixon, and declares that he adheres to all his former charges, and considers them fully justified. It is in consequence of this reiteration that Mr. Paget has again examined the whole question, and verified and amplified the former defence by reference to all the original documents bearing on the matter. The points are most clearly and convincingly worked out,—the authorities consulted are all specified,—and the result of the whole appears to us to leave Penn's character quite clear and his accuser's by no means so.

We have no space to give an analysis of the argument. Indeed it is so concise that it would not bear further condensation, and for the refutation to be properly appreciated, it must be followed step by step. The volume containing it is very small, and very neatly got up, and will scarcely require more than an hour to master.

LIFE AT THREE SCORE.

[The Rev. Albert Barnes, author of many volumes of Notes and Commentaries, the "praise of which is in (nearly) all the Churches"—has preached and printed a sermon with this title. The following article is from the (Episcopal) Banner of the Cross. The succeeding extract we find in another paper.]

MR. BARNES thought proper to give his views of life at sixty years old, and it has interested us much to read what he has said. There is much that is novel and striking. Speaking of the fact that the aged are supposed to lose much of their interest in life, he says, "It is not so with me, and this is not the view which I now take of living in this world. Life, as such, has now more to interest me than it has had at any former period; more than it had when I looked out upon it in the bright visions of my youth, or than it has had at any stage of my progress through the world. There is more to learn; more to do; more in the world than I supposed; more to make it a matter of regret that it must be left." Mr. Barnes makes this statement good by regarding the world as a place where God is developing his great plans, and looking to the great objects for which life was given, and to the part one may act in securing them.

It is Mr. Barnes' opinion that the clerical profession is not a hard one as compared with other professions, and this is our opinion. We should like to see a generation of clergy who toil as hard as many merchants, doctors and lawyers who rise to eminence. When we do see it, we shall see as much health, as much vivacity as now, and a great deal more usefulness and influence. It is not study—not reading—not any of the conditions of excellence that are killing the clergy. It is not our place to say what it is, and we leave it as a problem to be worked out, but we wish we could see more cheerful study—more pains-taking and endurance. Mr. Barnes says he has always fared well, and found men friendly to him as a young man. We say the same. Mr. Barnes has been a worker, a student all his days. His life has, as a consequence, been enriched with corresponding fruits. He has had health, and one would think the more of it, the more he has done. We believe he has wasted little strength in scattered sensibilities, in that exhaustion which comes of plenty of time to magnify or create evils whether real or imaginary. He has always had too much to do, too much that he

could do and did, to have any consuming ease peopled with distress. Blows that were aimed at him did him no harm, because he did not take time to consider them. He has been a peace man, yet a brave one. Life to him in the world is more precious than ever, because he sees so much more to be done, to improve him and it.

Speaking of his rigid temperance principles, he says, "I lost nothing on the score of health, reputation, or influence. I have had a clearer intellect than I should otherwise have had; I have had more bodily vigor; I have had a calmer mind, and I have more cheerful spirits. I have had more ability to labor, and I have a more uniform inclination to labor." No doubt of it.

Speaking of industry, he says, "I have seen the value of it, and had nothing else to depend on. And it seems not improper to say that all that I have been able to do in this world has been the result of habits of industry which began early in life, and which have been, and are, an abiding source of enjoyment." No doubt of this again. The pleasure and the health of life are chiefly to be found in constant, well regulated, productive employment of our time. The fruit of such a course makes life seem desirable for what may be *done*, finished in it, and makes the loss of it seem great with great gifts for service, and a ripened disposition to improve them—forgetting things that are behind, whether to talk over or dwell on mentally, and doing with acquired strength and wisdom what remains to be done. Surely we are talking wisely with Mr. Barnes' help, but we have no fear of its being doubted. We sometimes think ourselves busy, but know we do not one half we might do if we could escape the obtrusions of the useless, and we are certain that all the real enjoyment we have is found in what we do, with all its short-coming as to manner and amount.

HABITS OF INDUSTRY.

I have seen the value of *industry*; and as I owe to this, under God, whatever success I have obtained, it seems to me not improper to speak of it here, and to recommend the habit to those who are just entering on life.

I had nothing else to depend on but this. I had no capital when I began life; I had no powerful patronage to help me; I had no natural endowments, as I believe that no man

has, that could supply the place of industry; and it is not improper here to say that all that I have been able to do in this world has been the result of habits of industry which began in early life; which were commended to me by the example of a venerated father; and which have been, and are, an abiding source of enjoyment.

And here—and it was with a view to this in part that I have introduced this subject at all—it seems to me to be proper to allude to what I have never before referred to in the pulpit—the use which I have made of the press. It may have appeared strange that a man with such a pastoral charge as I have had, and under such responsibilities as have been on me—a salaried man, employed to do a specific work, and that not the work of book-making—should have felt himself at liberty to devote so much time as I have done to an employment that seems to be so connected with a private end, and so remote from the duties of a pastor. I admit that the point is one which demands some explanation, and though I have never learned that any complaint has been made in any quarter on the subject, yet it seems proper that once for all—and no better time to do it is likely to occur—I should state why it has been done.

Dr. Doddridge, in reference to his own work, the "Paraphrase on the New Testament"—a work which, in my judgment, better expresses the true sense of the New Testament, and is a more finished and elegant commentary on that portion of the Bible than any other in the English language—said that its being written at all was owing to the difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning. A remark similar to this will explain all that I have done. Whatever I have accomplished in the way of commentary on the Scriptures is to be traced to the fact of rising at four in the morning, and to the time thus secured which I thought might properly be employed in a work not immediately connected with my pastoral labors. That habit I have pursued now for many years; rather, as far as my conscience advises me on the subject, because I loved the work itself, than from any idea of gain or of reputation, or, indeed, from any definite plan as to the work itself.

And here, as my publications on the Scriptures have had a circulation which I never an-

ticipated, and which I have always found it difficult to account for, it may be proper to state, in few words, the manner in which my attention was first directed to it, and the principles on which the work has been conducted, until a result has been reached which so astonishes me, and which overwhelms me now with the responsibility of what I have done.

My attention was first directed to the subject by what seemed to me to be a want in Sabbath schools, the want of a plain and simple commentary on the Gospels, which could be put into the hands of teachers, and which would furnish an easy explanation of the meaning of the sacred writers. I began the work, and prepared brief notes on a portion of the Gospel by Matthew, when I incidentally learned that the Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., then of Trenton, now of New York, was engaged in preparing a similar work. Not deeming it desirable that two books of the same kind should be prepared, I wrote to him on the subject. He replied that he had been employed by the American Sunday School Union to prepare such a work; that he had made about the same amount of manuscript preparation which I had done; that he regarded it as undesirable that two works of the same character should be issued; that his health was delicate, and that he would gladly relinquish the undertaking. He abandoned it, as I have always felt, with a generous spirit, manifesting at that early time of life, alike in the act itself, and in his letter to me on the subject, the same high trait of character as a Christian gentleman which has always so eminently distinguished him. I have prosecuted the work until a result has been reached which I by no means contemplated at the outset.

All my commentaries on the Scriptures have been written before nine o'clock in the morning. At the very beginning, now more than thirty years ago, I adopted a resolution to stop writing on these Notes when the clock struck nine. This resolution I have invariably adhered to, not unfrequently finishing my morning task in the midst of a paragraph, and sometimes even in the midst of a sentence.

In preparing so many books for the public, while under obligation to perform the duties of a Pastor in a large congregation, seemingly abstracting time for a private end which might have been devoted directly to my

duties as a Christian minister, I have justified my course to my own mind by two considerations:—

One was, that I thought that no one could reasonably complain, if I took that time for what seemed to be a *side-work* before men usually entered on the duties of the day, and that if I devoted the time *after* nine in the morning to the work of preparation for the pulpit, and to my pastoral labors, I should devote as much each day to my professional duties as other men ordinarily do to the callings of life; and,

The other was, that I could in no way better prepare myself for my public ministerial labors, than by devoting a portion of each morning to the careful study of the Word of God—the volume which it has been the duty of my life to explain and defend. The best method of studying any subject is by writing on it; and, apart from all idea of publication, and even supposing that accumulated manuscripts were committed to the flames, I know of no way in which a minister of the Gospel could better prepare himself for his public ministrations, than by spending two hours each morning in a careful and critical study of the Bible. I know of no part of my studies from which I have derived more real aid in my public ministrations, than from the habit thus early formed, and so long persevered in, of beginning each day with the study of the Word of God. At the same time, it is not improper to refer here to the *happiness* which I have found in these studies. In the recollection now of the past portions of my life, I refer to these morning hours—to the stillness and quiet of my room in this house of God when I have been permitted to "prevent the dawning of the morning" in the study of the Bible, while the inhabitants of this great city were slumbering round about me, and before the cares of the day and its direct responsibilities came on me—to the hours which I have thus spent in a close contemplation of divine truth, endeavoring to understand its import, to remove the difficulties that might pertain to it, and to ascertain its practical bearing on the Christian life—I refer, I say, to these scenes as among the happiest portions of my life. If I have had any true communion with God in my life; if I have made any progress in Christian piety; if I am, in any respect, a better man, and a more confirmed Christian, than I was when I

entered the ministry; if I have made any progress in my preparation for that world on which I must, at no distant period, enter; and if I have been enabled to do you any good in explaining to you the Word of God, it has been closely connected with those calm and quiet scenes when I felt that I was alone with God, and when my mind was thus brought into close contact with those truths which the Holy Ghost has inspired. I look back to those periods of my life with gratitude to God; and I could not do a better thing in reference to my younger brethren in the ministry, than to commend this habit to them as one closely connected with their own personal piety, and their usefulness in the world.

Manuscripts, when a man writes every day, even though he writes but little, accumulate. Dr. Johnson was once asked how it was that the Christian Fathers, and the men of other times, could find leisure to fill so many folios with the productions of their pens. "Nothing is easier," said he, and he at once began a calculation to show what would be the effect in the ordinary term of a man's life if he wrote only one octavo page in a day; and the question was solved. The result in thirty, or forty years would account for all that Jerome, or Chrysostom, or Augustine; that Luther, Calvin, or Baxter have done. In this manner manuscripts accumulated on my hands until I have been surprised to find that by this slow and steady process I have been enabled to prepare eleven volumes of commentary on the New Testament, and five on portions of the Old Testament, and that the aggregate number of volumes of commentary on the New Testament which I have thus sent abroad, is more than four hundred thousand in our own country, and I suppose a larger number abroad.

I cannot but feel now most deeply the responsibility of the work which I have done, and which is so foreign to any purpose or expectation of my early years. I cannot now recall those books. I cannot control any impression which they may make. It affects me also deeply to reflect that the sentiments in those books are most likely to come in contact with minds through which they will exert an influence when I am dead—the minds of the young. And yet I would not recall them if I could. With all my consciousness of their imperfection, and with my firm expectation

that some man will yet prepare a commentary on the New Testament far better fitted to accomplish the end which I have sought than my own writings are, and with the feeling that, at my time of life, I cannot hope to revise them, and to make them conformable to what I would desire them to be, I still believe that they contain the system of eternal truth; that they defend what is right; that their influence will be to illustrate, in some measure, a great system of doctrines, which is closely connected with the salvation of men; and that, with all their imperfections, they give utterance to just sentiments on the nature of true piety, and the duties of practical religion. They will disappear from the world as other books have done, and as their author will—alike forgotten. Yet the *truths* which they are designed to illustrate, will live on to the end of time; truths I hope to be better illustrated,

and more earnestly enforced, by those who are to come after us.

I shall depart from the world when my allotted time comes, with an impression constantly increasing, of the value of the press, and especially of its value as an auxiliary in spreading abroad the truths of the Gospel of Christ. Its importance as an aid in diffusing truth is not yet fully known, and is not appreciated as it should be, even by ministers of religion. Without departing in any manner from the proper work of the ministry; without leading them in any way to neglect the preaching of the gospel, or their proper pastoral duties; and with no purpose on their part to make it a source of fame or emolument, it seems to me now that much may be expected by the church at large from the large body of educated men in the ministry, who, by their training, their talents, and their position, have so much power to influence the minds of men through the press.

WAITING FOR GOD.—A New Orleans paper relates the following touching incident:—

A boy was discovered in the morning lying on the grass of Claiborne Street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who has the feelings of kindness strongly developed, went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean," said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever. "God sent for mother and father and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home up in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me any thing, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man overcome with emotion, "he has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eyes flash and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said, "Mother never told me a lie, sir, but you have been so long on the way." What a lesson of trust, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales. As the poor mother expected when she told her son "God would take care of him," he did by touching the heart

of this benevolent man with compassion and love to the little stranger.

THE uses of Photography appear to be endless; and not the least agreeable one, as to its results, is promised in the prospectus of a very beautiful work shortly to be issued by Messrs. Lovell Reeve and John Mounteney Jephson. These two gentlemen made a walking tour in Brittany, about the time when our Most Gracious Majesty and her faithful Commons visited Cherbourg. During this time, they collected a vast quantity of interesting notes, descriptive, social, historical, and antiquarian, and also a handsome collection of stereoscopic views—Mr. Reeve, as becomes his literary taste, seeing to the notes, and Mr. Jephson, having special gifts that way, taking the stereographs. And the result is, that the two are to be published together, —Mr. Reeve's notes, and Mr. Jephson's stereographs,—making in unison a very beautiful and useful work. When we state that ninety separate photographic slides, with box and lock and key complete, are to be issued with the book, the book-buyer will be prepared to hear that the price is a good round one. A similar experiment to this, on a smaller scale, was tried by Mr. Reeve in the matter of the Peak of Teneriffe, the success of which was quite sufficient to warrant this larger venture. It should be added also, for the benefit of less wealthy buyers, that the narrative of the journey will be purchaseable without the pictures.—*Critic*.

From The Economist.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Every Man his own Boswell. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Author of "Astraea," and other Poems. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THERE is a great charm in the familiar yet serious talk of an original and observant man—a charm, too, which is often altogether absent from his writings. There are few persons who are not more or less formal and hypocritical in print,—not intentionally, but by a sort of fatal necessity which seizes on them as soon as they engage in deliberate composition; and those who feel most at home, have most to say, and say it best, in writing, do not give us at all the kind or the degree of delight which we experience from such talk as we are speaking of. The sudden metaphor that comes as by inspiration and lights up the darkest parts of a subject; the thorough and unshaking comprehension of whatever belongs essentially to the question at issue; the truths that have presented themselves to us, but which we have decorously banished from our consideration; the hovering round a difficulty and allowing its vastness and its weight,—these invigorating elements are wanting in almost all written thoughts, while they are daily experienced in the conversation of intellectual men. These constitute the attraction of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Hazlitt's "Conversations with Northcote," and similar works, and they also belong in no inconsiderable degree to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a genuine book of its kind, and we predict for Mr. Holmes a large share of favor from readers on this side of the Atlantic. It is a collection of papers originally published in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine." "The Autocrat" gives us his remarks at a series of breakfasts at an American boarding-house. He has it mostly to himself, though now and then a suggestion or remonstrance is permitted from one or other of the guests at the table. These consist of a schoolmistress, young and timid; a lady of a certain age, strict and angular; an old gentleman, mild and benevolent; a "divinity-student," somewhat pedantic and priggish; a "young fellow, called John," a sort of American "gent," who is described as having the power of laughing and winking on one side of his face and looking perfectly serious on the other,—an

accomplishment which we suppose is not uncommon in the States, seeing that Mr. Dickens also mentions it as belonging to Mr. Scudder, the land agent, in "Martin Chuzzlewit." A little thread of story runs through the conversation, developed out of the increasing intimacy of the *convives*, and ending in the love-making and betrothal, very pleasantly described, of the Autocrat and the school-mistress.

All these characters, it is evident from the very appellations of some of them, are of true native growth. We have nothing exactly answering to them on our side of the water, and this, with the decidedly national flavor of the conversations generally, strongly commends itself to our tastes. The author appears to be a scholar and a traveller, but he has not sunk the Yankee in the cosmopolitan, and we like his book all the better for it; while his thoughts have depths and breadth enough to recommend themselves to cultivated men, whether of the Old or New World. Mr. Holmes, moreover, has some qualities of a poet, as is proved not only by racy and original verses, scattered here and there among these pages, but by very vivid yet choice descriptive writing.

There is a real sublimity in much that Mr. Holmes writes, though like many of his countrymen, he does not always keep strictly within that line, the other side of which is the appropriate place for such things as this:—

" Each gurgling cataract roar and chuckle,
And ridges stretched from pole to pole
Laugh till they crack their iron knuckles ! "

"The Deacon's Masterpiece"—a story in verse of a wonderful chaise which was built on the principle (derived from the notorious fact that a chaise always gives way in some part weaker than the rest), that if every part was made equally strong, the chaise would last forever—is worthy of a place with Southey's "How the Water comes down at Lodore," Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and such elaborate trifles by men of genius.

What we do not like least in Mr. Holmes' talk is, that it is not at all that of the professional author, but that of the thoughtful man of the world, and that it is very often characterized by a far-seeing and tolerant spirit. The following passage will give an idea of Mr. Holmes' moral tone:—

"Do you think men of true genius are apt to indulge in the use of inebriating fluids?"—said the divinity-student.

"If you think you are strong enough to bear what I am going to say—I replied—I will talk to you about this. But mind, now, these are the things that some foolish people call *dangerous subjects*,—as if these vices which burrow into people's souls, as the Guinea-worm burrows into the naked feet of the West Indian slaves, would be more mischievous when seen than out of sight. Now the true way to deal with those obstinate animals, which are a dozen feet long, some of them, and no bigger than a horse-hair, is to get a piece of silk round their *heads*, and pull them out very cautiously. If you only break them off, they grow worse than ever, and sometimes kill the person that has the misfortune of harboring one of them. Whence it is plain that the first thing to do is to find where the head lies."

"Just so of all the vices, and particularly of this vice of intemperance. What is the head of it, and where does it lie? For you may depend upon it, there is not one of these vices that has not a head of its own,—an intelligence,—a meaning,—a certain virtue, I was going to say,—but that might, perhaps, sound paradoxical. I have heard an immense number of moral physicians lay down the treatment of moral Guinea-worms, and the vast majority of them would always insist that the creature had no head at all, but was all body and tail. So I have found a very common result of their method to be that the string slipped, or that a piece only of the creature was broken off, and the worm soon grew again, as bad as ever. The truth is, if the Devil could only appear in church by attorney, and make the best statement that the facts would bear him out in doing on behalf of his special virtues (what we commonly call vices), the influence of good teachers would be much greater than it is. For the arguments by which the Devil prevails are precisely the ones that the Devil-queller most rarely answers. The way to argue down a vice is not to tell lies about it,—to say that it has no attractions, when everybody knows that it has,—but rather to let it make out its case just as it certainly will in the moment of temptation, and then meet it with the weapons furnished by the Divine armorer. Ithuriel did not spit the toad on his spear, you remember, but touched him with it, and the blasted angel took the sad glories of his true shape. If he had shown fight then, the fair spirits would have known how to deal with him."

Here is a specimen of his observation and power of painting in words:—

"Did you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little edge, as it were all round it, close to its edges; and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick, or your foot, or your fingers under its edge, and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, 'It's done brown enough by this time'? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous, crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like Lepine watches (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern live timekeepers to slide into it); black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, larvae perhaps, more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them that enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and every thing in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

"—The young fellow whom they call John saw fit to say, in his very familiar way—at which I do not choose to take offence, but which I sometimes think it necessary to repress—that I was coming it rather strong on the butterflies.

"No, I replied; there is meaning in each of those images—the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes that are found beneath are the crafty beings

that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and

color—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings, had not the stone been lifted.

We can assure our readers that they will find 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' full of things as good as the above. Mr. Holmes deserves to be better known in England than he is at present, and we confidently predict that he will be so.

THE ELAND VENISON DINNER LAST NIGHT.
—Last evening, under the presidency of Professor Owen, a party of gentlemen, consisting of members of the Zoological Society and others interested in the progress of Natural History, dined at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, to celebrate the introduction, and discuss the merits of Eland venison, a dish which a few years hence may figure as an important item in our national bill of fare.

The flesh of the Eland has been long known to the colonists of Southern Africa as a delicate and nutritious article of food; and from the fact of this great Bovine Antelope attaining the size and weight of an ordinary ox, its introduction to this country was considered by the Council of the Zoological Society of London to be as desirable for economical purposes, as its exhibition as a species would be valuable to the scientific student. In 1835 the late Earl of Derby, then President of the Society, imported, at considerable expense, the first specimens of this antelope which had been seen in England, and at his death bequeathed the series of five animals, two males and three females to the Zoological Society, under whose care they rapidly increased; and in due time several members of the herd were distributed by sale to the Viscount Hill of Hawkstone, in Shropshire, the Marquis of Breadalbane, of Taymouth, and Mr. Tattan Egerton, of Tattan Park. The well-kept, uncultivated lands in England closely resemble the park-like country which the Elands frequent in South Africa, and in their new domiciles these animals flourished in an unexpected manner; mingling with the fallow deer, and being tame and gentle in their habits. Lord Hill was the first to attempt their naturalization in the extensive range of a private park, and to this spirited nobleman the gastronomic jury were indebted for an opportunity of judging of the flavor of Eland venison.

The choice parts of the animal lately killed were honored with a place on the tables of her Majesty the Queen, and the Emperor of the French; but sufficient portions were allowed to the gentlemen at the Albion to enable them to ascertain that the new dish resembled beef, with a decided flavor of venison, and that the fineness of the fibre and delicacy of the fat were among its most striking characteristics. The animal

when killed was five years old, and although not of full size, weighed one thousand one hundred and seventy-six pounds as it fell. This experiment of a new dish is certainly satisfactory, and although Eland venison may not be plentiful for some few years, we hope to see the time when this nutritious food will be brought within the reach of many thousands of persons who at this moment, perhaps, do not know of its existence.—*Spectator*, 22 Jan.

EVERY week brings to light some new application of that yet novel substance—glycerine. To say nothing of its applications to photography, it serves many purposes in domestic economy and mechanical operations. It has properties in common with oil, but, unlike oil, will bear mixture with water and alcohol, and does not solidify in a temperature which freezes even mercury. It is useful in pharmacy, harmless as a medicine, and not disagreeable in taste. Some kinds of food which are injured by becoming dry, might be kept moist for months if coated with glycerine, more or less diluted according to circumstances. Confectionary and other things, now protected by tinfoil, might in many instances be better preserved by glycerine; indeed, we hardly see an end to its application in this way. Mustard mixed with glycerine will not dry up rapidly, as housewives know it does when mixed with water. Hitherto, tobacco-manufacturers have used treacle to moisten and sweeten the leaf, and find it at times ferment and turn sour; but with glycerine it may be kept moist and sweet for any length of time—a matter of no small importance to those who indulge in the filthy practice of chewing. Again; gas-meters are liable to get out of order by freezing or evaporation of the water with which they are charged; these inconveniences are obviated by glycerine, diluted until it will absorb no water from the gas on its passage through the meter. For the lubrication of delicate machinery, for watches and chronometers, glycerine will probably be found preferable to oil; it may be used in water color painting, and for copying purposes, and in keeping specimens of dried plants in a flexible condition. Moreover, we hear that tincture of iodine and glycerine is a cure for even the most inveterate corns.—*Chambers's Journal*.

From The Economist.

FRANCE, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

We are not usually much inclined to feel, and certainly are rarely disposed to propagate alarm;—but it is impossible to disguise the uneasiness with which the present aspect of Italian affairs inspires us—an uneasiness shared, we believe, by all observers, and most vivid among those who are best informed. Whether the rising storm may not still be allayed, whether diplomatists may not yet contrive to find some means of postponing the crisis, whether the Potentate who is the real originating cause of the disturbance may not shrink from action when he perceives the amount of commercial terror and financial confusion which the prospect of war has already created—we cannot say. But we apprehend there can be little doubt that Louis Napoleon has for some time been meditating with more or less of distinct and determinate purpose an active intervention in Italian politics, and that Piedmont has allowed her feelings and projects to be exasperated almost to the point of action by the prospect of facing her ancient enemy with the assistance of so powerful an ally;—while that the hopes and passions of the Italian patriots have been so excited by the manifest designs of these two Powers, as to render insurrection imminent in many parts of the Peninsula, admits of no doubt whatever. We are by no means sure that, whatever be the wishes of the two Powers concerned, it may not now prove too late for either of them to draw back.

Many significant and concurring indications point to this conclusion. Ever since the publication of Orsini's letters in the *Monteur* at the beginning of last year, the relations between Austria and France have been the reverse of cordial: they have been cool, if not unfriendly, and could not well have been otherwise; for that publication was a distinct confession of rival, if not of hostile, feeling. The Emperor's words to the Austrian Ambassador, which have been so much commented upon, were merely the somewhat brusque and uncourteous expression of a notorious fact. The language of *La Presse* is even more significant. No journal in France ventures on arguments or statements known to be unwelcome to the Government, and that journal in particular is understood to draw its inspiration from a Bonaparte at least. The marriage of Prince Napoleon with a daughter of Victor Emanuel, now officially announced, leaves no doubt of the closeness of the connection at length established between the Courts of France and Piedmont; and we may feel perfectly certain that such a matrimonial alliance would not have been concluded without some very distinct understanding as to the political prospect and position both of the bridegroom and the

father-in-law. The speech of the King of Sardinia to his Chambers—deliberate as it must have been and submitted for correction, as we know it was, to the Tuilleries—was, under the circumstances of the case, about as plainly warlike as could be conceived. It almost said: "If the Italians in other States rise in rebellion, I intend to assist them: and no treaties shall stand in my way." What Austria thinks of the position of affairs is shown plainly enough by the immense reinforcements she has marched into Italy; and what the King of Naples thinks is made manifest by the amnesty he has proclaimed and the promised liberation of Poerio and Settembrini. This last fact is, to our minds, the strongest proof that could be given of the imminence of the danger. Nothing but the expectation of an immediate outbreak, backed by the most formidable aid from without, could have wrung such a concession from a despot who has been deaf for years to every consideration of mercy, of decency, of shame, or policy, and of prudence. King Bomba is frightened at last.

We do not say that Louis Napoleon, aided by the King of Sardinia, *will* undertake an armed intervention in Italy in direct hostility to Austria, but we are satisfied that he meditates such a proceeding, and has long been preparing for it. Nor do we feel the least surprise at his design. There are many reasons why he should entertain it. His fear, his passions, his sentiments, and in one sense his interests, all urge him to some such step. He dreads Italian assassins, and is anxious to divert their animosity by putting himself forward as the friend of Italian freedom. He once fought, and his elder brother fell, in their ranks; and it is by no means improbable that the dreams and feelings of his enthusiastic youth may still have some influence over his strangely constituted mind. He cherishes an hereditary animosity against the House of Austria, and may wish to pay an old debt. He is said to be ambitious of military glory, and may not unnaturally be disposed to seek it in a country where his uncle won his first laurels and which has always been a favorite field for French enterprise. He has, there can be little question, his own favorite fancies and schemes as to the reconstruction of Italian States, and would fain reconstruct them so as to add to the aggrandizement of his family and the establishment of his dynasty. He is not the man to forget that his uncle once reigned at Naples, and that his cousin was once King of Rome. There is another reason still—a more valid and more creditable one. The position of the French forces at Rome has long been irritating, embarrassing, and ignominious to the last degree. For this position he is not primarily responsible. Cavaignac and the Republicans sent the troops

there. Louis Napoleon was sincerely desirous to restore the Pope on condition of governing decently,—or at least to use the influence of a restorer and protector to promote decent government. The Pope has set him at nought: he has governed more infamously than ever, and has compelled Louis Napoleon to countenance, and in a manner aid and facilitate, his tyranny and maladministration. Louis Napoleon, we believe, would long ago have withdrawn from so false and galling a position, but for two considerations. He knew that if the French retired from Rome the Austrians would march in, and the Romans would be nowise the better for the transfer. He knew, also, that any proceeding hostile or injurious to the Pope would be resented by the Ultra-montane portion of the French clergy who have hitherto warmly supported him—and exacted, by the way, a tremendous price for doing so. He may well be tired of so costly and so shameful an alliance; and we are, therefore, disposed to credit the rumor that he has proposed to Austria that she shall withdraw from the Legations and that he shall withdraw from Rome. Austria, to whose Italian influence such a step would be fatal, has, of course, refused, and has answered the application by a large augmentation of her army of occupation. Here seems to be at least a plausible ground of rupture. France says: "I will march out of the Roman territories and so shall you." Austria replies: "No! if you march out, I march in."

Lastly, Louis Napoleon has an immense army, weary of inaction and thirsting for glory and for plunder,—dangerous when unemployed,—and a fearful drain on his finances. It is true that his Treasury is in a sufficiently exhausted state; but two hundred thousand well-found men will scarcely cost more when occupied than when idle; and if employed abroad may possibly cost less.

An Italian war, therefore, between Austria on the one side, and France and Sardinia on the other, is, to say the least, upon the cards, and *may* break out to-morrow. Russia, it is understood, will look on with a grim gladness, as long as Austria is weakened or worsted; and Italian patriots in every part of the Peninsula are eager and panting for the strife. They may show little prudence and less foresight in being so; but men who hope so much and suffer so grievously are seldom cool or wise—and we cannot wonder at them.

We come now to the question, with a view to which we have troubled our readers with this preliminary sketch. *What should be England's attitude and action at this conjuncture?*—a question which it is essential should be considered and decided at once, before the Government shall secretly have committed the nation to a line of policy which

England will never sanction, but may find it difficult afterwards to repudiate.

1. *Ought England to interfere diplomatically to prevent war?* By earnest representations of the mischievous effects and the ulterior calamities of war—assuredly; as a friendly and a Christian Power—assuredly. But by diplomatic interference is usually meant more than this;—and can we do more? Remonstrance and protest is seldom dignified and not often effectual, if no further action is intended in case our remonstrance is unheeded;—and further action in this case appears to us out of the question. We have, as a nation, no distinct or specific interest in the matter; the quarrel is at a distance from our shores; and as mediators we should at once encounter a difficulty which, we think, has never been sufficiently considered. To be able to mediate, and to say that we shall regard with disfavor the party which refuses to listen to our mediation, we ought to have some terms to propose which we consider the parties ought to listen to and might concede. Now can we find any such in this case? If, indeed, we were prepared to propose that Austria shall resign all her Italian dominions, that France shall abandon all her Italian pretensions and designs, and that the re-construction of Italy as one Kingdom under Piedmont or as a federation of States shall be left to a European or a Peninsular Congress,—then, indeed, there would be some ground for negotiation. But so statesmanlike a solution of an eternally-vexed European problem is still, we fear, far away in the distance. What other suggestion could we make—what compromise that would not be at once futile and insulting? Are we to advise Austria to accept France's proposal, and consent to a joint evacuation of the States of the Church? We know that anarchy and massacre would be the immediate result—that the insurrection would spread to Lombardy and Naples in a week—and that armed intervention would become a necessity to remedy the evil we had wrought. Are we to propose that France and Austria shall join, and shall join us, in compelling the Pope to govern like a Christian and a man of sense? We have had enough of this plan already; we tried it years ago, and failed. The Pope promised, and deceived us; and the interposing Powers were too little in unison among themselves as to what good government meant, and what it required, to be able to enforce their opinions on the incurable and recalcitrant Potentate. Are we to counsel Austria to treat her Italian Provinces with liberality and gentleness, to lighten their burdens, to give them political privileges, and to trust to their loyalty not to abuse them—in a word, to solve the problem by reconciling Lombardy and Venice to their sway? We

cannot honestly or decorously give such mocking counsel, for we know full well that the mildest and kindest administration will never reconcile Italians to German masters—that it is their *presence* and not their misgovernment that is so hateful to the Italian people—that any political privileges conceded would to a certainty be turned against the conceders—and that now, as ever, Austria has no alternative but either surrender her Italian Provinces altogether or to maintain them by the unrelenting severity of strength. Are we to hint at a compromise—to suggest that Austria should surrender part of Lombardy or the Duchies to Piedmont, and give France, to pacify her, a slice of the Legations or a prospective hope of Naples? Every notion of Principle or Justice forbids such a ground of mediation. France has far less business in Italy than even Austria; and were France to get a little and Austria to give a little, it would but sow the seed for future inevitable wars. We cannot, therefore, conceive any basis for our intervention in the quarrel which shall be consistent with our dignity, or afford any prospect of success.

2. *Ought England to aid Austria* as the injured and assaulted party, in case her exhortations to peace are unheeded? *We ought not, and we cannot.* It is true Austria may be the aggrieved party in this particular conjuncture; but her whole policy and conduct towards her dependent Provinces have been so utterly detestable and antipathetic to all our sentiments of mercy, justice, and honesty, that we *cannot* aid her in a struggle where these matters are involved. The English *Government* might possibly incline to such a line—the English *nation* would forbid it with a peremptory and fiery indignation. Our sympathies with the Italians are too strong to permit our siding with Austria in a conflict on Italian soil. Our recollections of the oppression of Hungary are too vivid and too recent to make it possible for us to stand side by side with the oppressor. The conduct of Austria during the Russian war cost us too dear, was too selfish, mean, and noxious, to be readily pardoned; and it disgusted England too profoundly to be soon forgotten. Austria has deserved no aid or sympathy at our hands. In former times, when her interests demanded it, she was occasionally useful and important as an ally; but she has rarely omitted an opportunity of revolting all our most cherished sentiments; and in no contest with her Italian subjects or her Italian foes could England assist her, or even wish her well.

3. *Ought England, then, to aid Sardinia* in her projected crusade for Italian Emancipation? Again, and clearly, NO. If Sardinia had been assailed by Austria, we would have stood by her to the last. But the case is

widely altered when she becomes the aggressor. We cannot aid her, because we cannot but suspect that in this affair her hands are not clean. *We can aid no plans of conquest*; and that she projects and is allure by a conquest from Austria, we cannot doubt. We cannot aid her, because her immediate ally, by whose encouragement she is induced to throw herself into the perilous encounter, is a Potentate who has his own purposes to serve, and who seeks his succor but never gives it—and who, moreover, hates liberty at home too much to be its sincere and disinterested friend abroad. Sardinia must have purchased French assistance to the cause of Italian liberation by concessions and compromises dangerous if not fatal to Italian liberty. At least, we fear so. We cannot aid the Italian movement which seems so imminent, because we cannot see how the real liberty of Italy is to be the result. Most earnestly should we rejoice to see Victor Emanuel King of Northern Italy, and the guide and example of all other States in the Peninsula. Most thankful, too, should we be to see the Austrians forever driven out of Italy; but if the French were established there instead we are at a loss to see what would be gained by the exchange. At all events the exchange would be one which we have no interest in aiding, and which we should scarcely know how to wish.

Let it, therefore, be clearly understood, irrevocably decided, and loudly proclaimed, that in a contest between Sardinia, France, and Austria for the liberation, the supremacy, or the division of Italy, England will take no share. We cannot side with the foreign oppressor;—we cannot side with the ambitious conqueror;—and we will not side with the native liberator, unless his hands are clean and his means just.

From The Examiner, 22 Jan.
FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE aspect of affairs on the Continent is certainly less warlike than it was a few days ago. Fettered as opinion is in France, the nation nevertheless has made its government understand distinctly enough that it will not consent to war. For what but peace, indeed, has it supported the present dynasty? For peace at home it has given up liberty, and is it for liberty in Italy that it is to be moved to the sacrifices of war? French sympathies do not cross the Alps; and if indeed the interests of all the rest of Europe were at stake, we do not believe that Frenchmen would consent to vindicate them at the price of the conscription and the other costs of war. If insulted or attacked, the nation, touched in its pride, would doubtless respond to an appeal to arms, but it will not enter into any quarrel not strictly and manifestly its own.

Casimir Perier expressed the national sentiment in the words, "The gold and blood of France belong to France alone." France has indeed three loves, the love of money, the love of pleasure, and the love of peace, which ministers to the other two. The idea of war is associated with diminished means and stern privations.

The Paris correspondence of the *Times* of yesterday gives some striking quotations from a pamphlet with the title *Aurons nous la Guerre?* The answer is, "No, if France has the courage to think aloud, if the immense majority of the nation makes its voice heard, for the Chief of the State is deeply interested in listening to it and following it. The only difficulty is how to make the truth penetrate to him. The attempt, however, must be made. Action is indispensable. None of us would be safe from the consequences of apathy." The writer then appeals to every public man in France, minister, deputy, senator, or prefect, to say whether the desire of peace is not the universal passion; he calls on them to collect the public wishes and feelings from every quarter of the country, and especially to observe "who are those that rejoice, and who are those whom the rumors of war astonish, sadden, and terrify." How powerfully does not this, and still more what follows, corroborate what we said last week of the absolute horror with which ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred contemplate the prospect of a war.

"Go! no matter where, and get information. Penetrate into the garret of the poor man, into the workshops, the farmyards, the petty shops and larger warehouses,—in every spot, on all sides, you hear but one voice, and that voice raised in favor of general tranquillity. On every side you will be assured that France not only does not believe in the seasonableness of war, but that she is profoundly hostile to all projects of intervention abroad; that she reprobates beforehand all that would be done in that way; and that if the Government took a step in this direction she would lose, with pain and sorrow, her faith in the sincerity of the speech at Bordeaux;—France will no longer believe that the Empire means peace. . . . And the Empire itself—what would become of it amid this universal disenchantment? Be under no delusion—have no doubt on the matter; out of thirty-six millions of people there are more than thirty-five millions who offer up prayers for peace. The notion of re-editing the high deeds of the first Empire appears to them an anachronism, and the temerity of madness."

In another passage it is said that "a people does not repeat itself; and that a second edition of the first Empire is a dangerous

chimera," nay, "a temptation proceeding from hell."

To the same purport is the extract from an admirable article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to which the same correspondent directs our attention.

"France must not, even for a generous cause, expose herself to the reproach and the danger of arbitrarily disturbing the repose of the world and endangering those great interests of labor, of commerce, and of industry which have occupied so large a space in the existence of modern societies. We have just witnessed the disastrous effects which the very fear—a fear vague and indefinite—of complications has produced on these interests. In a few days the panic has depreciated by more than one thousand millions of francs the value of that part of the personal wealth of Europe which is quoted on the exchanges of Paris, London, and Germany. Those who declare that this panic is unfounded justify more than they condemn it by such a reproach. The first necessity of these interests, which form the grandeur and the prosperity of a nation, is the publicity which permits good sense to foresee, to control, and to measure the chances of the future."

The Emperor has obviously made a false move, presenting him in the position of the cat in the adage, "Letting I dare not wait upon I would." Of late his course in several respects has been similar to that of Louis Philippe before his fall, like him extolled for his wisdom to the skies, and like him always making his own difficulties, and running against a wall of his own building. Last year it was the affair with us, the end of which did not redound to the Emperor's credit. Then came the bullying of Portugal, and now the differences with Austria, alarming all Europe, and making people feel what it is to have their dearest interests dependent on the discretion of one man. Napoleon III. may make his retreat from the present difficulty, into which he has plunged himself most unadvisedly, as he has done from others, but in all these escapes he leaves something of his prestige behind him. And one of these days the retreat will be a Russian retreat, like that of his uncle.

From The Economist, 22 Jan.
THE PRACTICAL LIMITS OF THE IMPERIAL POWER IN FRANCE.

WHATEVER may be the final issue,—and, notwithstanding the confidence expressed in many quarters, the language of very important organs of the French press and the preparations known to be still in progress at Toulon show that it is still quite uncertain

what the issue may be,—of the present critical relations between France and Piedmont and Austria, it must now be clearer to the Emperor than perhaps at any previous time since the *coup d'état* that the Imperial power in France is not so omnipotent as is ordinarily supposed; nay, that it is closely limited, not to say absolutely clogged on great national occasions, by the powerful though inert resistance of public opinion. Whether the Emperor's designs for a war in Italy are or are not carried out to their completion, one fact at least has become conspicuous enough,—that his plans have received a very severe and probably unexpected check in the chilling attitude assumed by popular feeling in France and the complete absence of any sympathy with the Emperor's scheme for exciting into fresh activity the pride of the French nation in memories connected with such treaties as that of Campo Formio and such battle-fields as that of Marengo. Louis Napoleon has suddenly discovered that the tether of his power in France has a very definite limit. His despotic government is sullenly permitted, not actively supported by the public opinion of the middle classes. They feel that his government is in a certain sense necessary to the internal repose of France. They prefer him, even as he is, to the horrors and uncertainties of anarchy. They do not see their way to any change. But this is all. He has not sought to strengthen his government by consulting the popular opinion of the nation, and he is, consequently, left without any thing more than its passive acquiescence. His schemes are matured in the isolation of his own brain,—and are neither originated nor biassed by the symptoms of national feeling. When he slowly brings them forth to the nation, they are received with the indifference and dislike that plans so originated generally meet with. What has not been born of any strong popular feeling, will not call forth any such feeling. The reveries of a cold, though in some sense a superstitious despot, cannot excite any enthusiasm in a people who neither associate his rule with any brilliant military success, nor feel any kind of national grudge towards the enemy he has so carefully and so meditatively selected. The Emperor is learning for the first time that no man, however powerful, can wield in Europe the full influence of France who has not really studied the feelings and won the *heart* of the French people. He proposes a war, long considered, carefully prepared for, full of traditional fascinations, identified with a popular cause, almost certain, if successful, to extend the territory of France,—and the French people show nothing but alarm and discontent;—the Government securities are depreciated, the fear of the tax-gatherer sub-

dues every gleam of political or martial enthusiasm, the commercial portion of the nation is simply panic-struck, the rural districts are dumb and dissatisfied, fearing fresh conscriptions and fresh imposts;—the political circles which support the Imperial régime most strongly, as against the alternative of anarchy, discourage war for exactly the same reason for which they support that régime;—everywhere he meets only with blank dissatisfaction. He knows, too, that if he persist, he must persist in the face of extraordinary difficulties,—in the face of rising prices, expensive loans, and probably wide-spread and clamorous distress,—in the face of a threatening popular hostility if he fail, and urgent entreaties for peace, at every practicable opportunity, if he succeed,—in short in the face of a reluctant nation, scarcely taking the trouble to understand, much less to consider his aims, and determined to be a dead weight on all his plans, directly he deserts his proper function of securing France against the revolutionary party. The Emperor finds almost for the first time that it is one thing to be the real organ of a great nation's will, and quite another to be tolerated as the best substitute in the absence of any such real organ. When he really needs the active co-operation of the country, he does not receive it.

This state of things is the more remarkable from the contrast it presents to that of the chosen ally of France—Piedmont—at the same crisis. Wholly unable herself to sustain, unassisted, any campaign with Austria,—beguiled into her present dangerous attitude by blind reliance on the powerful assistance of France,—with a far greater political risk in the contest, and far less adequate military preparation,—the attitude of popular feeling in Piedmont is as eminently sanguine and enthusiastic as in France it is cold, tardy, and discouraging. The reason is obvious. Victor Emanuel simply leads a popular feeling to which he has always acceded the fullest and freest right of self-expression. In Piedmont the war would be the first wish of the popular heart. The King is urged on by his people, not held back by them. It is not without a deep feeling of sympathy as well as regret, that any Englishman can read of the enthusiastic expression of feeling in the popular Chamber at Turin, when the following sentences of the address sent in answer to the King's speech were read:—“At present, Sire, your voice, influential and respected among all civilized nations, magnanimously expressing pity for the woes of Italy, will certainly revive the memories of the solemn promises which have as yet remained without fulfilment, and at the same time will tend to calm down blind impatience, and will uphold among the populations a firm confidence in

the irresistible force of civilization and the power of public opinion. If these consolatory thoughts and this appeal to public reason were to draw down perils or menaces on your sacred head, the nation which venerates in you its sincere and straightforward Prince, and looks on you as the powerful intercessor with the various European Cabinets for the cause of liberty—which beholds all the anger of factions give way before the great example of your fidelity—which knows that in you and by you at last has been found the secret lost for so many centuries of Italian concord,—the nation, we say, will to a man range themselves around your person, and show that they have again learned the ancient art of uniting the obedience of the soldier to the liberty of the citizen." We repeat that few Englishmen can read this address, and the concluding remark of the reporters that it was greeted with "the loudest cheers from every part of the Chamber, and that even the Ministers themselves are said to have been surprised at the unanimity displayed," without mixed feelings of deep sympathy and deeper regret. Knowing as we do that this enthusiastic unanimity in one nation has been fanned into a blaze by its trust in the support of a wholly uncongenial and untrustworthy power, which has no more real affinity with Piedmont than darkness with light, or ice with flame, we cannot but feel that this display of national enthusiasm, natural and noble as it is, is singularly inopportune.

Now let us briefly note the many and grievous European evils which are liable to arise, and have in this instance in part already arisen, from the miscalculation of his true power made by the present despotic ruler of France,—from the discord between his purposes and the wishes of his people. In the first place, in France itself those rapid and injurious fluctuations take place in the state of the commerce of the community which arise from a perceived contradiction between the will of the nation and the will of the most powerful man in the nation. It is obvious that in the present emergency either power may conquer,—and as the chances vary from hour to hour that the strong reluctance of the nation may withhold the Emperor's hand, or that the Emperor's pertinacity may irrevocably commit France to a war against her own wish, so vary the hopes and fears of traders in France. The situation for the time is one of infinitely greater danger to French commerce than the certain anticipation of any war would be in which the nation and its rulers heartily concurred. Then every thing would be calculated for that emergency. The known resolve of the country would enable the traders to form their plans steadily, and reduce their

transactions to the proportions of a war-standard. However great the evils of such a necessity, they are nothing to the evils of a threatened war in which the interests and wishes of the nation and the purposes of its Government are clearly in conflict, and no one can tell which may prevail and at what hour. The agitation of the popular mind, the ruinous impulse to speculation, the arbitrary character of the whole war, if entered upon, and the certainty that it can have no *natural* termination,—since the nation itself has no object in view, and the ruler does not permit his objects to be fathomed,—are obviously evils of a much graver and gratuitous kind than any which accompany a truly national war.

But next,—to the nations which look to the help of France in the proposed war, the evils of this miscalculated and uncertain relation between the power of the French nation and the power of its ruler are of a far more formidable kind. In the first instance, no doubt, Piedmont and Lombardy looked upon France and the Emperor as identical. He administers her civil and military government. His word is law, and nothing at least can be done by France which he does not sanction. So soon, therefore, as his word appears to be pledged to support them, their hopes are kindled, their enthusiasm rises, their minds and hearts are strung up to the emergency of a great national sacrifice for Italy,—they look upon the hour of liberty as near. But then comes the painful revelation, that though the will of France can act only through the Emperor, the solitary will of the Emperor is not able to command the will of France, and that in many ways the nation itself still holds the key even to the military resources of a war. In consequence of this discovery, Piedmont and Lombardy cannot but learn—soon and yet too late—on what an insecure foundation—even were their personal trust in the Emperor well-founded,—their hopes rest: the national enthusiasm is staggered, and finally perhaps wasted on a mere false hope. The national movement recoils. The despondency of the true Italian patriots is greater than ever. The triumph of Austria is complete, and adds indefinitely to the strength of her position. There is no evil greater to an oppressed people than fruitless ebullitions of revolutionary hope. The determination to resist may grow, and the resources for resistance may accumulate while all is silent,—but once let there be an abortive explosion, and the nation is morally, even more than physically, weakened by the shock.

The Emperor of the French injures France grievously, but injures Piedmont and Lombardy irreparably, by acting on the rash assumption that, in so great an issue as an

Italian war, even he can, at his own pure will, command effectively either the physical or moral resources of the great country he rules.

Since the above was in print, information has been received from Paris, in which we place implicit reliance, that the peace party in the Emperor's Government have obtained a complete success for their views, and that a circular from M. Walewski is actually in preparation assuring the various Continental Governments that war is not contemplated. That this success is complete for the moment, we have no doubt—that the fixed idea from which these warlike rumors arose remains the same, we have as little doubt; but whether or when it will again be embodied in an active policy will depend upon circumstances which it is im-

possible now to predict. On the one hand, it may be considered certain that the Emperor would not permit a favorable opportunity for the accomplishment of his scheme to escape; on the other, it is equally certain that he has found an extent and depth of opposition throughout all classes in France to a war, even in Italy, which he did not anticipate. Let us only hope that no English statesman may be found so dead to the general feelings of this country as to give the Emperor any encouragement to renew a scheme, the most successful result of which would only be to replace the milder despotism of Austria by the more irritating despotism of France; and, in so doing, to endanger the peace of Europe for years to come.

DR. DICKINSON of Liverpool has written a paper in which, from personal experience, he recommends the climate of Egypt and Nubia as preferable for invalids to that of any place in Europe or Algiers; care being taken to pass the first part of the winter in Cairo, and then journey up into Nubia for the second part. Rheumatism, diseases of the lungs, indigestion, and other consequences of a sedentary life, there find relief; "in," as the doctor observes, "a brilliant and balmy climate, where mere existence is felt to be a positive luxury, and where the mind enjoys a serenity almost unknown in our foggy land, and the traveller scarcely ever experiences any feeling of ennui, even when confined to his boat." This is doubtless the truth as regards persons in ill health; but we happen to know a considerable number of persons who find it perfectly possible to preserve a serene disposition even in our foggy land. Health now-a-days is sacrificed to social conventionalities, and the climate gets the blame.—*Chambers's Journal*.

DR. THEOPHILUS THOMPSON, in a paper communicated to the Royal Society, endeavors to trace the action of cod-liver oil upon consumptive patients, shewing that it largely increases the quantity of the red corpuscles of the blood. Consumption, as is well known, drains away these red corpuscles; thereby depriving the system of much of its vitality; but here we see a means of repairing that loss while taking measures to restore the general health. The fact is a valuable contribution to scientific medicine. Some authorities, however, are of opinion that cod-liver oil is an aliment, and not a medicament, and that its beneficial effects are solely due to nutrition, and not to any special influence which it is supposed to exert on diseases of the chest.—*Chambers's Journal*

THE subject of Chinese poisons is treated of by Dr. Macgowan in an interesting article in an American journal. It is one of which at present but little is known. We find that wholesale destruction of the English troops by an inoculating poison has been a favorite project with the Celestials, and sanctioned by the military authorities; but the opportunity for trying it never came. Another scheme proposed to Commissioner Lin was to inoculate all the Europeans in Canton with leprosy, as a sure means of getting rid of them. It was rejected as too slow in its operation.

The poisons which kill by inhalation are employed in a way which gives us a strange notion of "Chinese morality"—in *filicide*. Dr. Macgowan coins a word to express the fact. It appears that parents do not scruple to put out of the way a grown-up son who is likely to disgrace his family. We quote a case in point by way of conclusion; a government functionary had a son whose misconduct was such that his removal was determined on. "To effect the object without publicity, no small finesse was requisite on the part of his father and friends. Suspecting their designs, the young man became excessively wary. On the day agreed upon for his execution, the father feigned to be withholding the son's much-loved opium, until he could induce the hapless youth to take a draught of tea, which he was artfully led to suppose was drugged. At length, affecting to be wearied by the son's contumacy, the father gave him his opium-pipe, having mixed with the genial *papaver* another drug intensely poisonous. After a few inhalations, the victim fell into a stupor, followed by convulsions, to which his athletic frame succumbed in less than six hours.—*Chambers's Journal*

THE BLISS OF ABSENCE.

'TIS sweet for him, the livelong day that lies,
Wrapt in the heaven of his dear lady's eyes,
Whose dreams her image blesseth evermore.
Love knoweth not a sharper joy than this,
Yet greater, purer, nobler is the bliss,
To be afar from her whom we ador!

Distance and Time, eternal powers that be
Still, like the stars, o'eruling secretly.
Cradle this tempest of the blood to peace.
Calm grows my soul, and calmer every hour,
Yet daily feels my heart a springing power,
And daily finds my happiness increase.

All times she lives within my heart and brain,
Yet can I think of her without a pain,
My spirit soars alway serene and free,
And, by the strength of its divine emotion,
Transforms its love to all a saint's devotion.
Refines desire into Idolatry.

The lightest cloudlet that doth fleck the sky,
And floats along the sunshine airily,
More lightly in its beauty floateth never,
Than doth my heart, with tranquil joy elate,
By fear un-touch'd for jealously too great,
I love, oh yes, I love—I love her ever!

[From the *Poems and Ballads of Goethe*.
Translated by Theodore Martin and Mr. W. E. Aytoun. The above is by Mr. Martin.]

AT SEA.

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

THE night was made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep ;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep ;
Childlike as then, I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin light.
Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels ;
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels ;
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.
Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies ;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.
O hand of God ! O lamp of peace !
O promise of my soul !
Though weak and tossed, and ill at ease
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own, with love and tender awe,
Yon perfect type of faith and law !
A heavenly trust my spirit calms !
My soul is filled with light ;
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant—I cross my palms,

Happy as if to-night
Under the cottage roof again
I heard the soothing summer rain.

RICH THOUGH POOR.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

No rood of land in all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
Nor treasures rare, nor gems, nor gold,
Do any keep for me :
As yesterday I wrought for bread,
So must I toil to-day ;
Yet some are not so rich as I,
Nor I so poor as they.

On yonder tree the sunlight falls,
The robin's on the bough,—
Still I can hear a merrier note
Than he is warbling now ;
He's but an Arab of the sky,
And never lingers long—
But that o'erruns the livelong year
With music and with song.

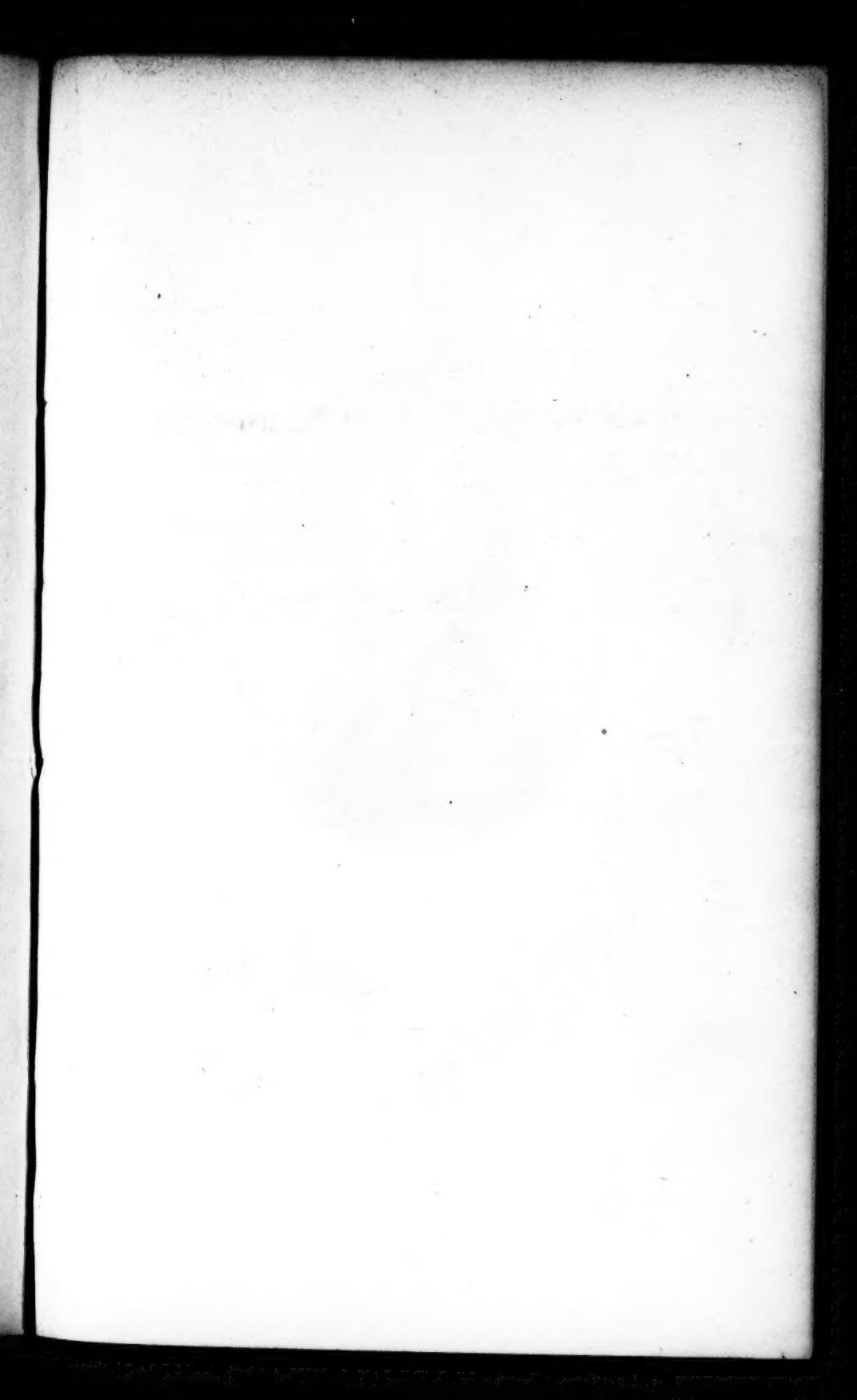
Come, gather round me, little ones,
And as I sit me down,
With shouts of laughter on me place
A mimic regal crown ;
Say, childless king, would I accept
Your armes and domain,
Or e'en your crown, and never feed
These tiny hand again ?

There's more of honor in their touch
And blessing unto me,
Than kingdom unto kingdom joined,
Or navies on the sea ;
So greater gifts to me are brought
Than Sheba's queen did bring
To him who at Jerusalem
Was born to be a king.

Look at my crown and then at yours !
Look in my heart and thine ;
How do your jewels now compare—
The earthly and divine ?
Hold up your diamonds to the light,
Emerald and amethyst,
They're nothing to those love-lit eyes,
These lips so often kissed !

Oh ! noblest Roman of them all,
That mother, good and wise,
Who pointed to her little ones,
The jewels of her eyes.
Four sparkle in my own to-day,
Two deck a sinless brow :
How grow my riches at the thought
Of those in glory now !
And yet no rood of all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
Nor treasures rare, nor gold, nor gems,
Are safely kept for me :
Yet I am rich—myself a king !
And here is my domain,
Which only God shall take away
To give me back again !

—Knickerbocker.





Perrini.

ИЗДАНИЯ ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВА

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THE EQUITY OF THE CHINESE